MAYFAIR

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KATHY IRELAND
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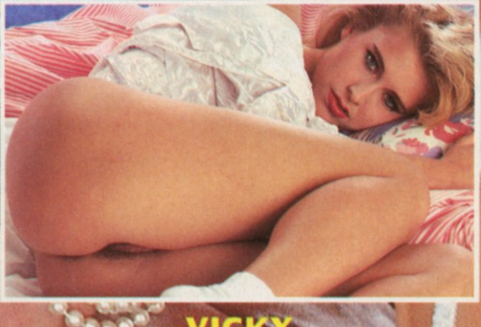

VICKY

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joanne

With her bleached blonde hair and sexy wiggle it's no wonder Joanne is the fuel for her female flat-mate Sally's fantasies. But how does the 20-year-old Brighton beauty feel about it?

"Very sexy," she laughs. "Though I did find it a little strange the first time Sally told me about her dirty day-dreams. I'd never had another girl fancy me before, but once I got used to the idea

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MASON

I found it very exciting. I don't know what I've done to turn Sally on so much but whatever it is, it certainly makes her pussy very wet. How do I know? Because she's shown me, of course. Us girls aren't shy about our bodies in the same way men are!" continues our leggy 18-year-old lady lover. "It's funny, but the more Sally fancies me, the more I come round to the idea that maybe lesbian love isn't such a waste of time and effort afterall. But don't worry, guys, if I ever decide to take time off from dicks and take the plunge between Sally's luscious, sexy legs, you'll be the first to know!" Just like Sally, we can't wait! Ⓜ

emma

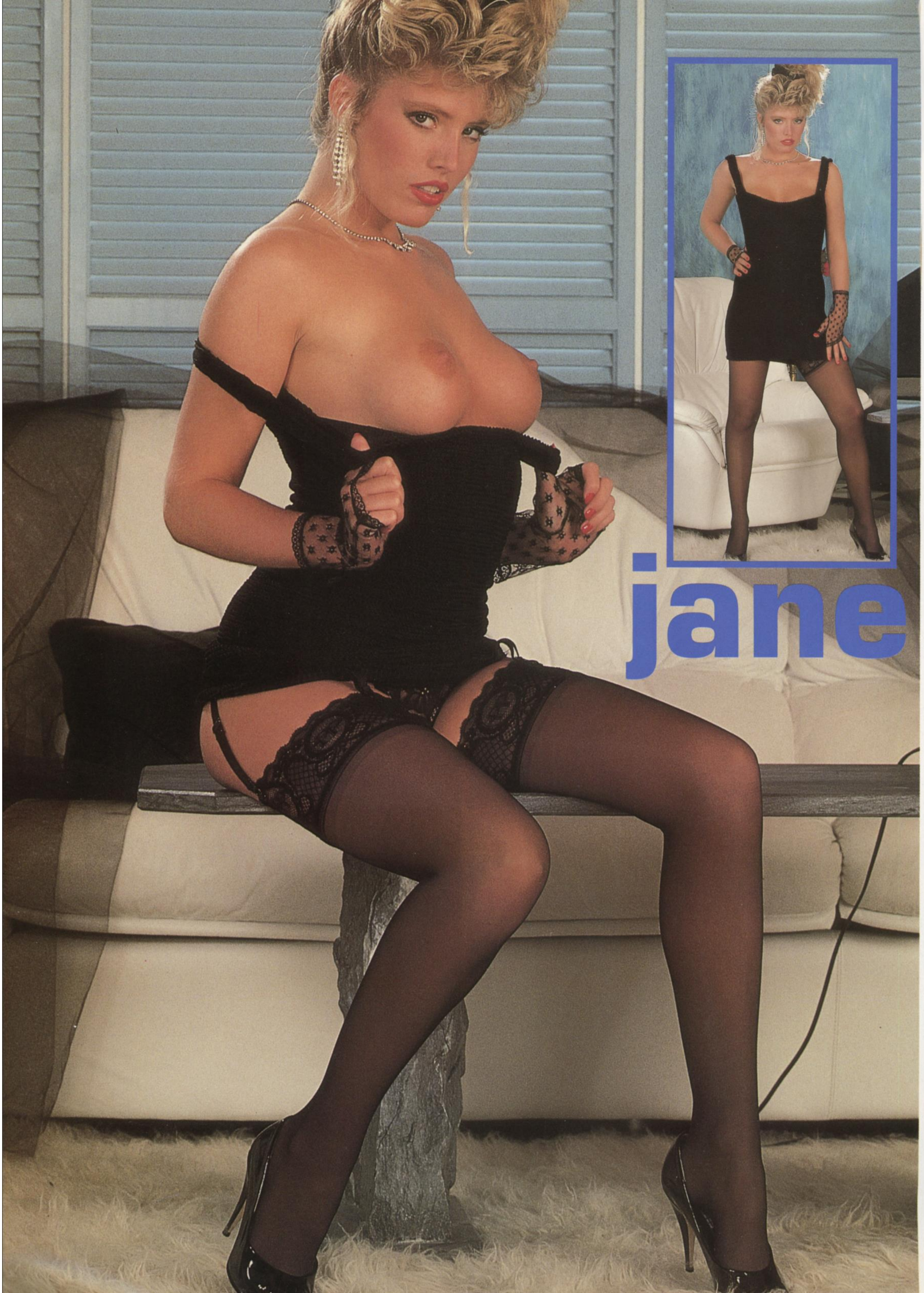
Okay, yah. So, outrageous Emma might shop at *Harrods* and have a BBC accent that would put Kate Adie to shame... "But that doesn't mean I like toffy-nosed fellas, okay?" insists Emma, a Knightsbridge girl from the tips of her toes to her pert pink nipples. "I've always gone for the more rugged type — I suppose you'd call them 'real men' — with big bulging packets and long strong hands. I've got a thing about blokes that play rugby. They like the physical side of sex and love a bit of rough and tumble under the duvet. There's something about a man with broad shoulders and a broken nose that makes me damp where it counts. But the problem with those guys is that come Saturday night they're more interested in sinking pints than sinking their dick in a girl's pussy!

"Where I come from most of the men are dull little drips. They're scared of getting an erection in case they crease their suit! I mean, boring, or what?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

"My mother once set me up on a blind date with a chinless wonder from Chelsea and when I met him I was horrified. He was so tedious I reckon he'd had a charisma bypass and he was more interested in talking about stocks and shares than stockings and sex. What is this obsession men have with money? Surely they can see when a girl fancies them and would rather be taken to bed than be lectured on economics.

"But it's difficult for a girl like me to meet any ordinary guys — though if a good looking guy comes round to lay a new carpet I do insist he lays me while he's at it!" Ⓜ

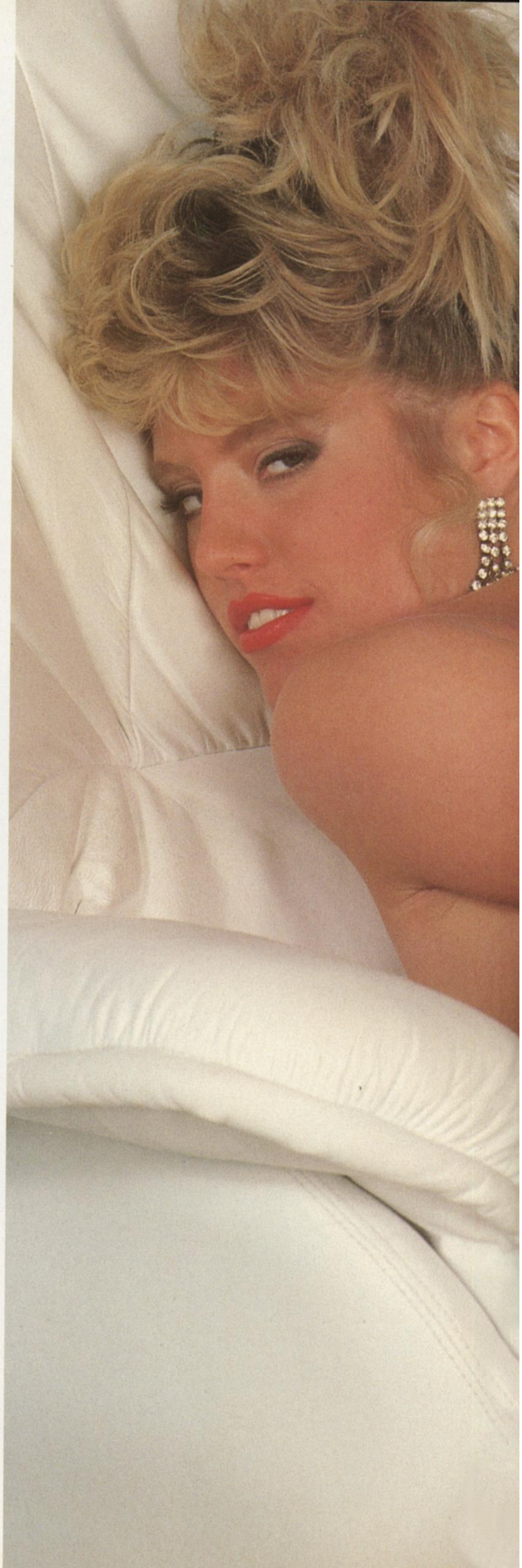


jane

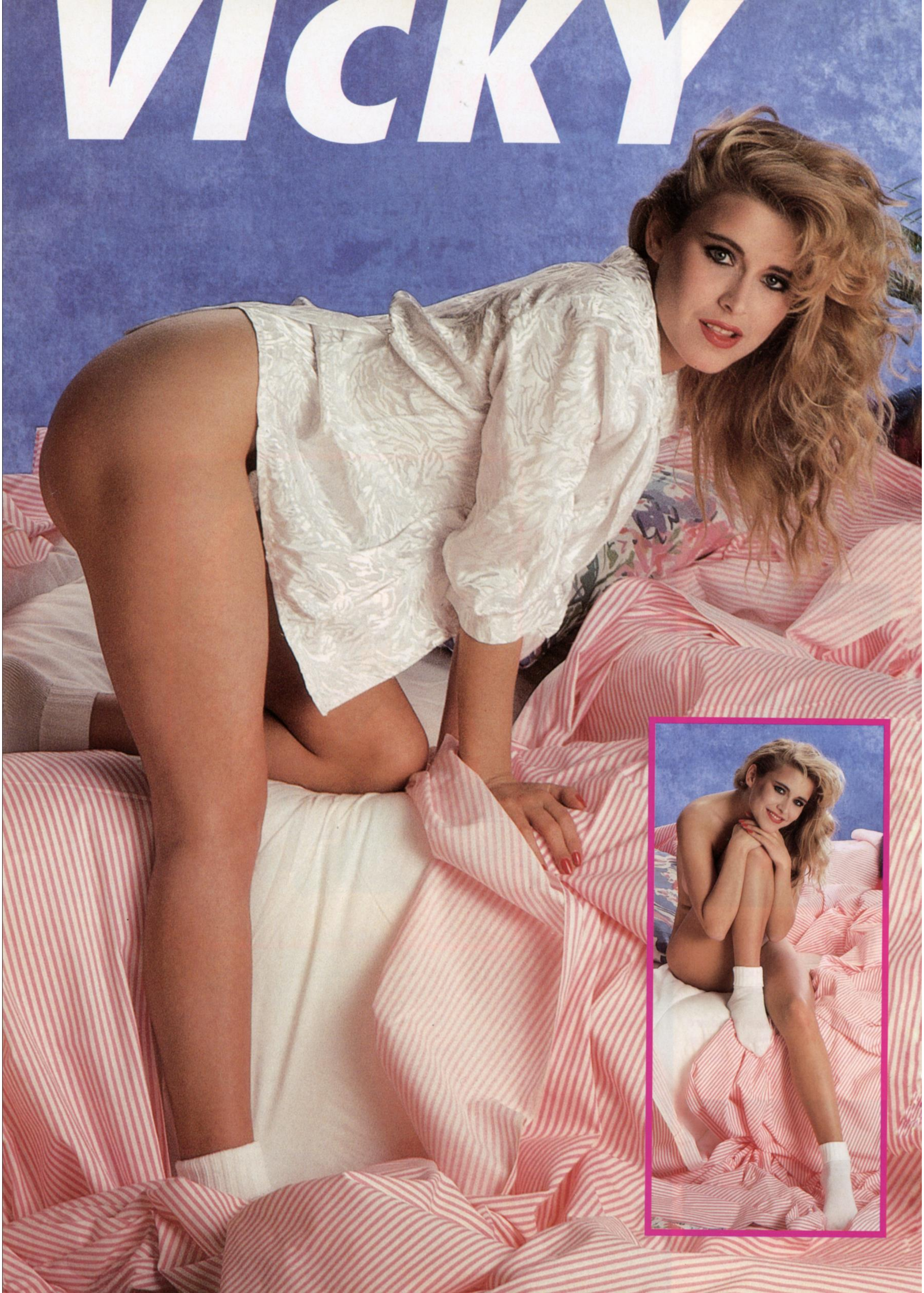
When *Mayfair* girl Jane Botham returned to her home town of Lytham St Anne's recently, she found the only thing that had changed was her. "When I got into modelling I moved into a friend's flat in London and didn't go back home for ages," says our our dirty 22-year-old stop-out. "When I walked into the local pub even my old school friends didn't recognise me. I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ULF STJERNBO

really didn't think I'd changed that much, but when my ex-boyfriend came over to where I was sitting and started chatting me up I could hardly keep a straight face!" So did you let on about your true identity? "I didn't have to. The moment I stood up and he saw my bum he sussed me straight away!"



VICKY



Most men might think girls don't notice our funny foibles between the sheets, but eagle-eyed Vicky never misses a thing. "Northerners always leave their socks on in bed, but then so do I," giggles our bubbly blonde from Bolton. "And talking of bedroom behaviour, I like the way most Mancunians make sure their girl has had her fun before he does. That's what makes a real gent in my book!"

What book, Vick? "My guide-book for girls on where to go to get the best sex, of course. Trouble is I've been writing it for a year and I haven't made it south of Bury yet!" Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL DIAMOND

Julie-anne

"I love to feel feminine," purrs 19-year-old Julie-Anne seductively, as she runs her hands down over her slim hips. "I'm not the sort of girl you'd find wearing a baggy jumper and a pair of tatty old jeans. You can bet that even if I'm just nipping down to the corner shops I'll be wearing stockings and suspenders under my skirt and a lovely lace bra beneath my top. You never know who you're going to meet, so I always dress as if I'm going out on a hot date!

"It never fails to get me noticed, I can tell you," giggles Julie-Anne naughtily. "I often see blokes doing a double take as I pass them in the street, staring in disbelief at this vampish girl dressed to thrill at nine o'clock in the morning! If I'm feeling daring, I'll give them a knowing smile and a little wink. There's no way they can resist me after that!"

Who said anything about resisting, Julie-Anne?!

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER FLODQUIST**

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

julie-anne

MAYFAIR

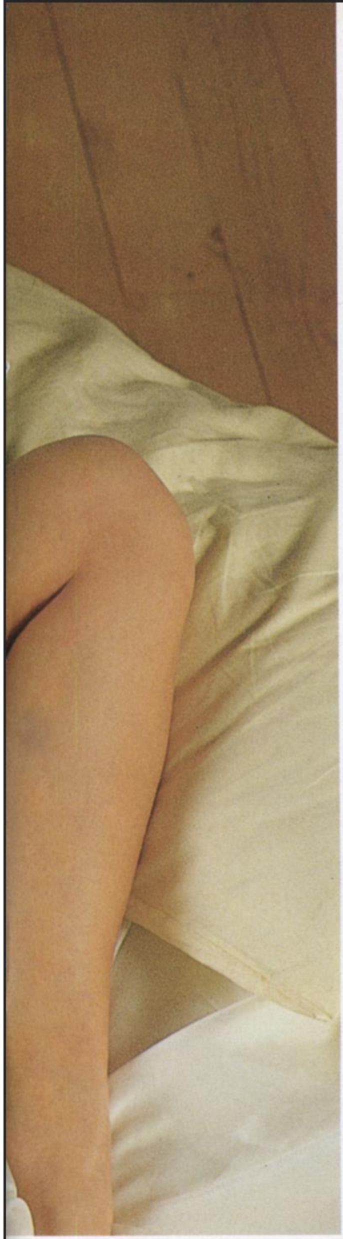
GIRL OF THE MONTH

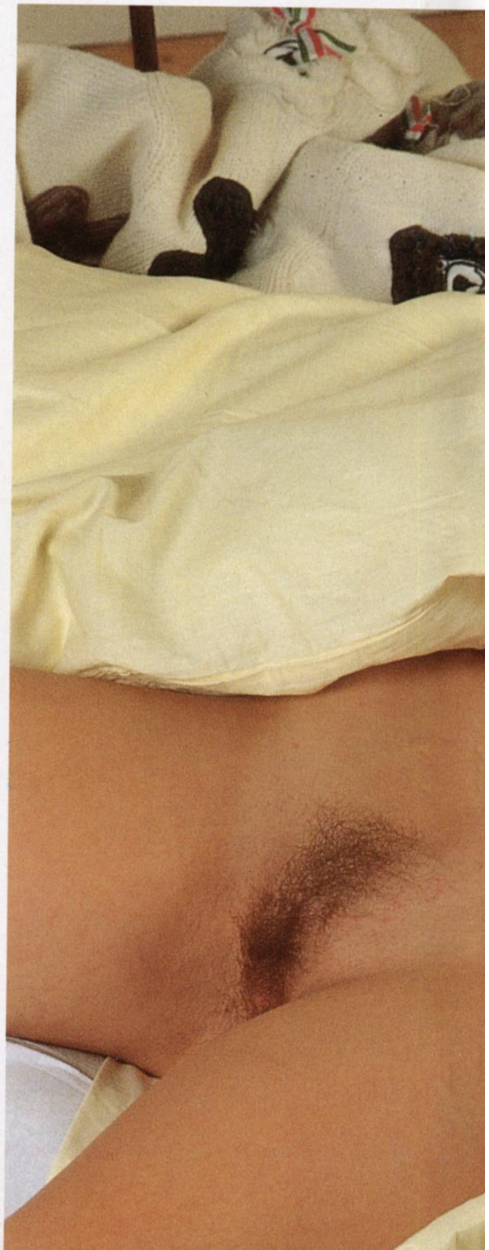
julie-anne

LATINKA

Due to the language barrier it proved somewhat difficult to discover anything about Russian lovely Latinka. While you can be sure her pretty head is hiding many a sexy secret, they will, for now, have to remain hidden for the munchy Moscovite's vocabulary was strictly limited to the word "yes". Though the idea of a girl who can only give "yes" for an answer is rather appealing, it posed problems when it came to quizzing her about the state of the Soviet economy. But then you only wanted to know if she likes it from behind anyway! Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS LAPIN





Jennifer

We can't remember the last time we met a girl who was as keen to get her clothes off as Jennifer. The moment she saw our camera she had her boobs out and her

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY FERRIS

bum in the air. "I feel more comfortable when I'm naked," reveals juicy Jennifer letting her skimpy dress fall to the floor. "Anyone who knows me will tell you that when I'm at home I rarely wear more than a pair of panties. I encourage guests to take off their clothes too. Sure I'm an exhibitionist, but I think there's a little of the flasher in us all — I just tend to show that side of me more than most." Just feel free to show any side you like, Jennifer!

ANNABELLE

We reckon there's only one way that you could truly appreciate the twin peaks of Derbyshire-born Annabelle, and that's if we brought out a pop-up issue of *Mayfair*!

"They're certainly a talking point — or two talking points, I should say," giggles the 19-year-old hairdresser, causing her 36DDs to jiggle tantalisingly under her top. "They've made me a lot of friends — especially between when it comes to men. Most blokes I've met just can't seem to get enough of them, but I've got no complaints... well almost none..."

Tell us more, Annabelle.

"Well, when you've got boobs like mine they do tend to get all the attention," she purrs. "All a fella wants to do is to stick his face between them, then spend the rest of the night licking and sucking them! Now don't get me wrong, it feels great to be appreciated, but often he'll completely forget that I've got a pussy to pamper too. And believe me, my pussy needs a *lot* of pampering!

"That's the funny thing about big boobs," she adds, thrusting the objects of our desire out in front of her. "When they're not being a talking point, they're a sticking point!"

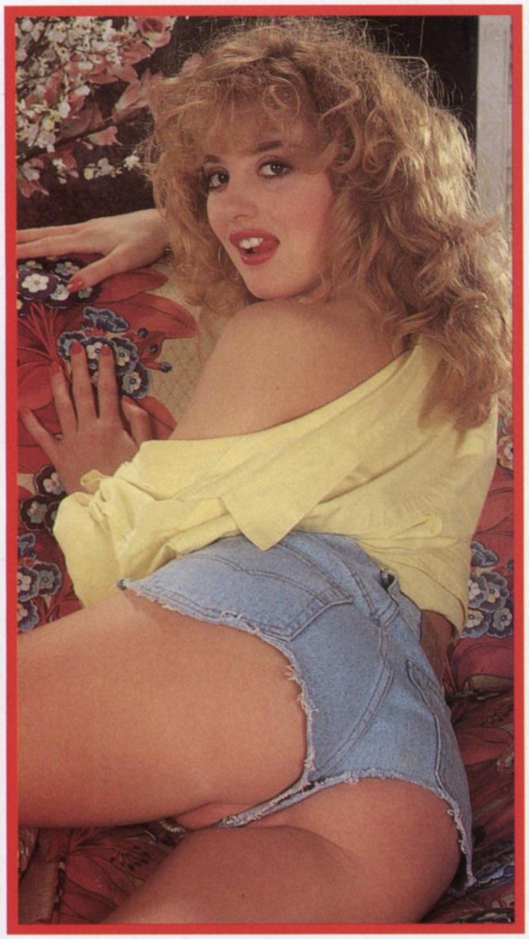
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

mirrel

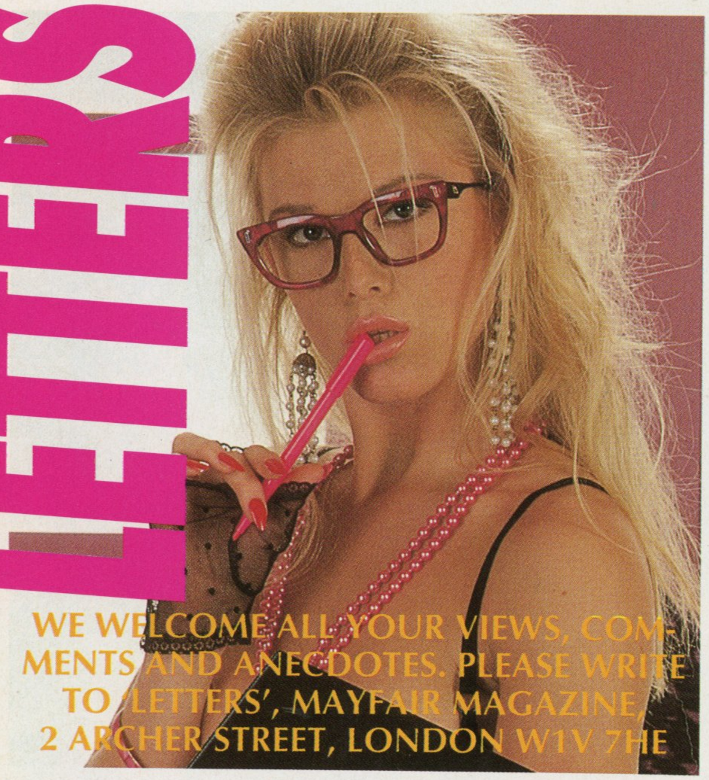
Water-babe! That was your verdict of magical Mirrel when you saw her soaping her boobs in Vol 27 No 3. This time around, the 19-year-old from Bristol is back on dry land... but she's just as wet!

"There's only one thing in the world that makes me stickier between the legs than a day's stripping off for *Mayfair*," squeals Mirrel. "And that's two day's stripping off for *Mayfair*!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON



LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

PERFECT PAULA

I never thought I'd get so worked up about a *Mayfair* model that I'd actually write in about it, but here I am, putting pen to paper about the most gorgeous, luscious, erotic, sexy, perfect (yes, all right, we get the hint — Ed) girl I've ever seen — Paula from Vol 27 No 4.

As hard as I might try I can't get Paula out of my mind — why doesn't a girl like her enter my life and make me a happy man? I guess for the while I'll have to be content with staring at her sexy photographs and let my imagination do the rest. Ho hum... — D.H., Northampton

LUST AND HATE

From the first day at my job at an accountancy office I didn't get on with one of the secretaries, Rita.

Hate at first sight is what everyone in the office calls it. Even though we hate each other Rita's the sort of girl I go for as far as looks are concerned.

She has butt-long dark hair, pert breasts, a tiny waist and legs that go on for miles. Even her face is perfect in almost every detail. The reason I disliked Rita so much was the fact that she didn't like me — unlike most girls she didn't find my arrogance charming, though how she could resist my fit body was beyond me!

Anyway, one night our boss invited us around to his house for a party. I didn't really want to go because Rita was going to be there, but he is my boss and I want to remain on the good side of him. Once there I spotted Rita straight away — I would have had to have been blind to miss her! She was wearing a dramatic red dress that left nearly nothing to the imagination, and I found, to my amazement, that my prick was getting hard.

I knew there was only one way to get through the night, and that was to drink a lot. So punch flowed freely down my throat, and soon I was feeling more at ease. But everytime I looked at Rita I'd get a hard-on and after a while I decided to go to the bathroom and have a quick wank.

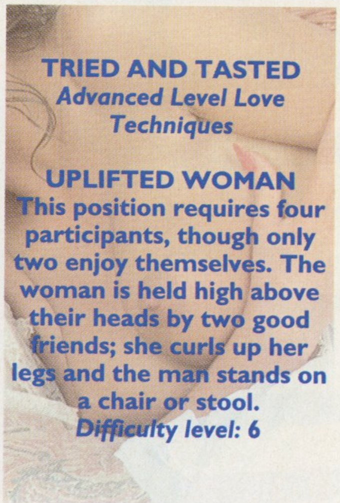
When I opened the door I realised that someone had their back to me and was busy getting to work on themselves! I was about to walk out embarrassed when I realised that it was Rita! And even stranger was the fact that she was uttering my name as her fingers searched out her pussy hole!

By now my cock was about to burst, so I undid my flies and quietly approached Rita. She was still unaware that I was in the room, and when my fingers rubbed over her back she jumped. Turning her head slightly so she could see who had joined her she cried, "Oh quickly! Fuck me! I need your prick in me — now!"

I pulled my jeans around my knees, then opened her thick lips wide. Her hole was already juiced up and my large rod slid in with ease. Rita's cunt was tight — tighter than any I'd ever had before. She was so worked up that her body was bucking wildly as she orgasmed almost as soon as I entered her. And my cock felt like it was in heaven, especially with the way her pussy muscles seemed to contract every time she orgasmed. "Keep on riding me!" she squealed, her titties swinging wildly.

I was trying to hold my load back for as long as possible, slowing my strokes whenever I felt on the verge, but eventually I had to let go. Rita's cunt seemed to milk my prick dry as thick creamy spunk shot deep inside her.

We both dressed in silence and when Rita said, "I never want to hear you mention this... ever!" I felt the same. Since then I've found it hard to stop thinking about what happened that night. Sometimes I catch Rita staring at me; sometimes she catches me. We both know it's only a matter of time before we repeat the performance and to tell you the truth I can't wait! — H.F., Ilford



TRIED AND TASTED
Advanced Level Love Techniques

UPLIFTED WOMAN
This position requires four participants, though only two enjoy themselves. The woman is held high above their heads by two good friends; she curls up her legs and the man stands on a chair or stool.
Difficulty level: 6

UNDIE-NIABLE TRUTH!

Before I met my wife, Gwyn, I liked my women one way — naked! But because of her I now like to see women in pretty knickers and lacy bras.

The first time I slept with Gwyn was after we'd been dating for a couple of weeks. She asked me to lie on her bed, and when I did she slowly undressed, unzipping her long slinky dress and letting it fall to the floor. Gwyn did it in such an erotic way that I was mesmerised by her every movement. Under her

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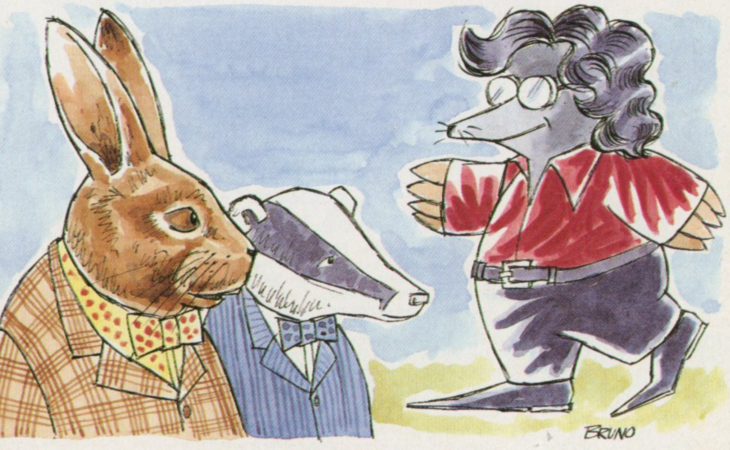

It's the Godfather of Mole!

LETTERS

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dress she was wearing a classy silk bra with matching french knickers. And unlike most women I'd been out with she was also wearing a suspender belt and stockings.

Gwyn sat on a chair and unclipped the stockings then rolled them down her legs, her eyes never leaving my face. When the stockings landed next to me I picked them up and rubbed them against my face, revelling in the softness of the material. Next she threw her suspender belt at me, then teasingly she undid her bra, her breasts jiggling slightly as she danced before me. Her nipples looked so hard and delicious that my mouth watered at the thought of tasting them.

Finally her panties came off to reveal Gwyn's thatch of blonde pubic hair. By now I was desperate to have her so quickly I undressed, laid her on the bed and chewed her nipples hungrily. At that point I didn't realise just how sensitive her nipples were and I was surprised to find that she was orgasming while I sucked and licked them.

My hand led my prick towards Gwyn's cunt, and when I entered her slowly she became fevered. Her legs tightened around my waist and she began urging me to fuck her faster and faster and... well, as you can probably imagine I came fairly quickly that first night!

When I woke the next morning I was disappointed to find that Gwyn had already left, but hanging on my bedpost were her silky knickers... Ever since then my ideal way of spending a day is watching Gwyn prancing around in nothing but her underwear — much better than fully naked any day! — E.F., Chelmsford

OFFICE SECRETS

As an attractive 32-year-old secretary I've developed quite a reputation as the office flirt. However, until last Christmas nothing had ever happened further than the odd grope in the stockroom and the occasional squeezing of my bulging breasts in the elevator. This all changed after the office party.

By four the party was in full swing and I was quite tipsy, the booze having gone straight to my head. I was chatting to George, a handsome young executive who I secretly fancied when he suddenly looked at his watch and remarked, "Nina, I've got to leave early and I need some stationery urgently. Would you be an angel and get me a box of envelopes from the stockroom?"

The stockroom was on the same floor but off the main area. I unlocked the door while he held our

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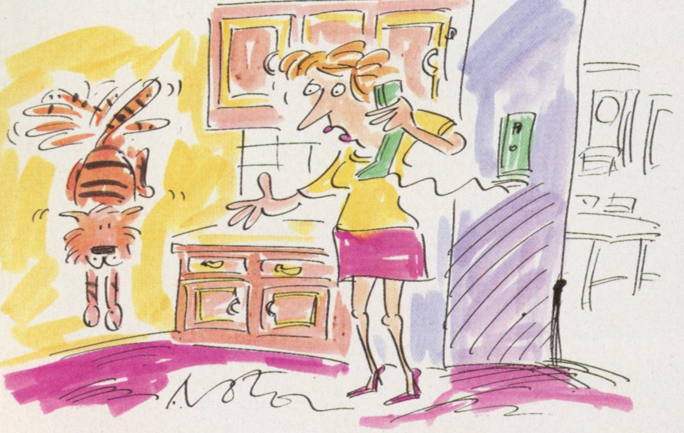


Animal behaviourist... what does it mean if my cat keeps pretending it's a helicopter?

MONEY

Commission-free advice on a cash crisis from City slicker ***Alexander More...***

E.R.M...?

Five Things You Ought To Know About The E.R.M.

1) It stands for Exchange Rate Mechanism.

2) It means currencies are inextricably linked together so if one does badly we're all fucked.

3) It also stands for, "Erm, come to think of it, it's not such a great idea after all."

4) We joined it at a level we can't possibly sustain.

5) Dyslexics think it's the band that released *Shiny Happy People*.

OH YOU CAN'T GET THICKER

One of the few companies making a Kwik profit out of the recession is tyre and exhaust 'specialists' *Kwik Fit*. In the last twelve months their profits have soared faster than a lumberjack on speed, increasing by an astonishing 66 per cent. Naturally boss Tom Farmer — whose grinning mug can be seen in most branches promising '100 per cent customer delight' — is elated. But quite a few customers aren't.

Which? magazine recently criticised *Kwik Fit* for their work and say that they have received vast numbers of complaints about so-called "fast fitters'" shoddy work. One such was a young lady called Haidee.

She took her Astra along to have its exhaust replaced and they were only too Kwik to fit her up. They put on another exhaust in no time — belonging to another model. Wondering why it rattled, she took it back. They made minor adjustments, and it still rattled so she took it back again — and again and again. A total of eight visits later, her *Kwik Fit* had cost her considerable time and money. Altogether now... you can't get thicker than a *Kwik Fit* fitter, you can't get thicker than a *Kwik Fit* fitter...

In short, despite their profitability we can't really recommend *Kwik Fit* to anyone — but we know a man that can. Although they too have received complaints, the AA still approve them, which might well explain the 66 per cent increase in profits.

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

This month's Bullion Botty award — a gold replica of the tight tush of Laura — goes to the good burghers of Manchester City Council for their fabulous Metrolink scheme. As Granadaland readers will know, the council is in the process of replacing perfectly good railways in their desperation to bring trams back to the city centre. The new Metrolink light railways (which run on existing rails and then into the city on tracks built into the roads) have cost a staggering £140 million, and plans to build more of them have already been shelved.

To stand any chance of being profitable, Metrolink trams will have to attract twice the number of passengers the trains did. This is unlikely for two reasons. Firstly they have fewer seats and secondly, the fares are considerably more expensive. The cost of a single from Bury to Manchester (the only line operative, and likely to remain so) is £1.80 — twice the fare for the same distance on Newcastle's highly successful Metro, and considerably more than the bus or train used to be.

Not surprisingly, plans for a massive celebratory opening ceremony were cancelled.

But if anyone from Manchester cares to pick up their award in person, we'll buy them a pint — in return for a ride of course.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

drinks and in my tipsy state I had trouble getting the key in the lock. George's hand brushed my nipples as he tried to help me and I felt my face flush with need for him. The door closed behind us and locked with a click as we stumbled into the darkness. I felt George's hands loosening my blouse and then he was caressing my breasts and sending goose bumps up my spine. I felt so deliciously wicked that I leant back against what felt like a filing cabinet and arched at him, thrusting my cunt forward.

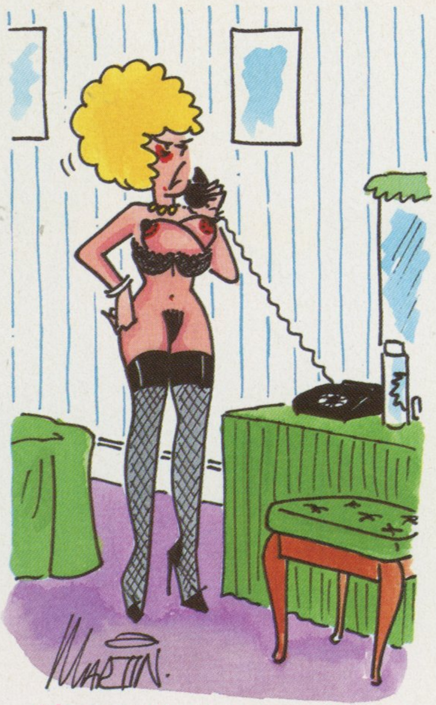
Then I felt a hand on my thigh and I let my legs sag apart. The hand went to my panties and slid into them. It was a delicious sensation until I realised George was holding my boobs and the hands up my skirt must belong to someone else! I felt my body being lifted slightly and lowered to the floor. My panties were off before I knew it and suddenly I felt hands groping at my now wet cunt.

George was still sucking away at my tits so hard I thought I was going to come. I reached out in the darkness and felt the front of his pants. His fly was wide open and his cock was already sticking out. It was warm and velvety and felt quite big as I rubbed it gently. At the same time I felt something thick and hot moving between my thighs. With my other hand I reached between my legs and grasped another cock. George's might have been big but this was huge and I gasped with pleasure at its bulging size.

It was then I became aware that there was a *third* man in there with us. He was kneeling beside my head and as I pushed my cunt up towards the guy kneeling between my legs, I felt something warm and quivering against my cheek. I put out my tongue and licked at it and felt a third warm pulsating dick being pushed against my mouth as someone started moaning. The long strokes of the guy who was now fucking me were lifting my bum off the floor. I could feel my climax approaching as I jerked George's cock in tempo with my own building lust. Meanwhile I had taken the third cock into my mouth and was sucking avidly as the unknown cocksman thrust it between my lips.

As far as I can recall, we all came more or less together. I was hot and sweaty and my heart was hammering as I first felt George's cock jerk and splatter against my bare arm. Then the cock in my mouth spilt its hot salty spunk down my throat in creamy spurts. The man fucking me went on a bit longer and I had several more orgasms. I couldn't seem to stop writhing even when he pulled his cock from my cunt and drenched my tangled pubes with his seed.

What made it so good was that I had no idea of who was fucking me or who I was sucking. I've never had the nerve to ask George who it was and since he's been relocated to our London office I guess I never will! — R.T., Manchester



...It's about that Cross-your-heart bra you sold me!

BIRTHDAY BONK

My wife Hannah has got to be one of the horniest women in the country. For a start, there's her looks — she's very petite, but her tits are a ripe 38C and her bum is incredibly round and smooth like a pair of plums in clingfilm. With a body like hers it'd be criminal for her to waste it, but fortunately she adores sex more than anything and likes to fuck as often as she can.

Like recently for example: my best mate and I had been out celebrating his birthday and got home late. I thought Hannah would be pissed off with us, but when we crept through the back door she was waiting for us on the living room couch wearing a robe, underneath which she had on a lacy cream basque with matching panties and stockings.

"Take a seat, lads," she purred. "I thought you might feel like something to help you unwind after a hard night." And she dropped the robe and let my mate, Tim, see her in her glory, those firm boobs peeping over her basque and the panties so tight and white he could see the outline of her twat moulded against the fabric.

I grinned at Tim's amazed expression. He was flabbergasted, looking to me to make sure I wasn't about to knock his block off. "Go ahead, mate," I told him. "If Hannah reckons you deserve a birthday surprise, I ain't gonna stop her!" Mind you, even if I'd wanted I couldn't have, as by now Hannah was rubbing her body against Tim while sticking a hand down her panties and

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mayfair hears

"I like a man whose brain is as expansive as his private parts." — Sharon Stone, sexy star of new movie *Basic Instinct*.

"I lost my virginity at 23 to an actress. Before that all I'd done was get about a quarter of an inch followed by a bit of a spurt." — Dudley Moore.

"Once you understand that your Visa card isn't a passport into a girl's knickers, then a dinner date becomes a scarier business." — *Independent* journalist Zoe Heller on men who think they'll pay for lunch.

"I know I give good blow jobs. I've been told." — *The Word's* Katie Puckrik.

mayfair reads

Like many Americans, Walter Hudson had a weight problem brought on by non-stop eating. But Walter's was a big problem. A typical lunch would include four Big Macs, four double cheeseburgers, eight boxes of fries and six apple pies from McDonald's. He weighed 40 stone and was so heavy that he was housebound and didn't leave his humble abode for 18 years. Then one day — after getting stuck in his bedroom doorway — he decided to go on a diet and lost 30 stone. Unfortunately Walter still has problems getting out as he has since discovered that he is agoraphobic. *The Times*

Secretary Theresa O'Shea caused a five mile traffic jam on the M4 because she got trapped in her seatbelt. The problem was that her skirt was up around her neck, revealing her underwear, suspenders and all. A passing lorry driver saw her and tried to help but couldn't and a succession of male motorists all slowed down to have a look. She was eventually freed by police. She had tried to wiggle out and had been trapped when her skirt got caught in the steering wheel. *The Daily Telegraph*

LETTERS

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frigging herself — I guessed she'd been doing that all night while we were out. Tim's dick was getting hard in his pants, so Hannah eased the pressure by tugging down his zipper and hauling his meat out. When her smooth little hands stroked his dick, Tim relaxed a bit and began to suck on my wife's nipples as she cupped her boobs towards his lips.

"Get down there and suck it, lass," I suggested to Hannah. She smiled. "As if I'd do anything else..." she murmured, sinking on to the rug and letting Tim's cock slide between her moist lips. As I saw her crimson mouth close round my pal's length, I started to feel my hard-on inching forward, so I pulled down my pants and told Tim to follow suit. Soon Hannah had two naked guys (and their hard dicks!) at her disposal and she was in her element. She drew me close so she could suck me as well, relishing the taste of dick in her mouth which is something I know she's always loved since she was a teenager. She must have sucked for a good fifteen minutes and our tools were gleaming with her saliva when she pushed me away, telling me to sit on the couch while she saw to Tim.

I was glad to and laid back as she led Tim over to the armchair and stretched over the back with her ass in the air and her thighs parted, sliding down her white knickers and showing him her blond muff

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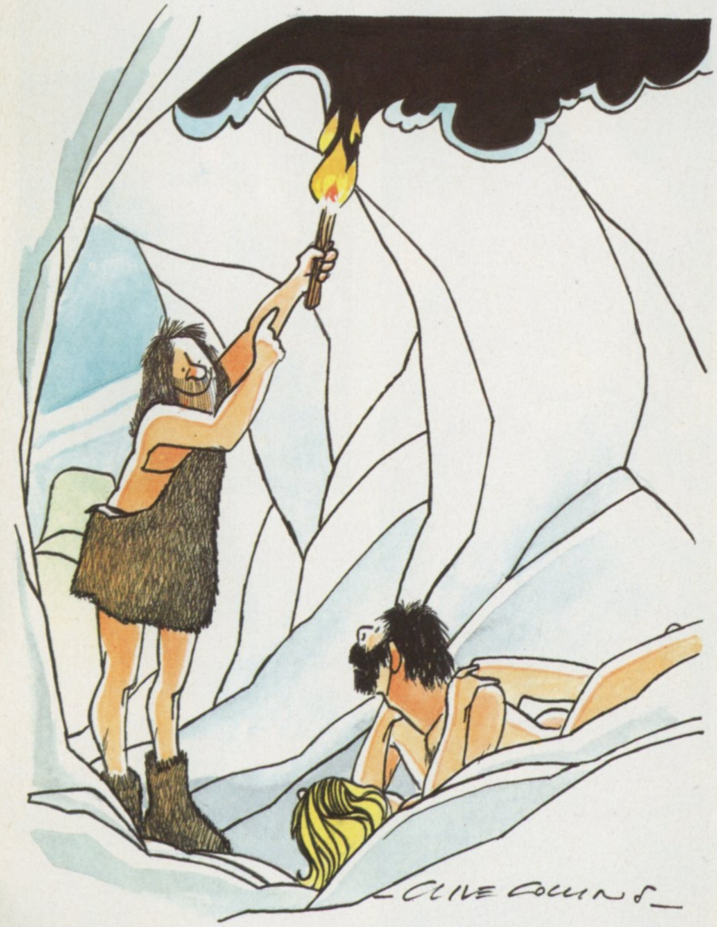
TRIED AND TASTED
Advanced Level Love Techniques

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR

The partners are unclothed. She sits on a swing with her thighs apart and he sits on another swing. They swing towards each other and try to connect.
Difficulty Level: 8



So you've invented fire. Who needs that to keep warm?

STUFF

You'll never get through June without...

Impressing the chicks with your riding skills on a Kawasaki solo Jet Ski, but having to wear bright orange inflatable arm bands because you can't swim.

Sitting outside the pub by the sea chatting up a Jet Skier's girlfriend while he makes a prat of himself on the waves.

Handing over £2820 for a Favorite Program System CD3101 from NSM. It's just like a CD jukebox, only more expensive, and houses up to one hundred CDs in "ready-to-play mode". You can hear how good it is at *The Hard Rock Cafe*, which is just like a *McDonald's* only more expensive, and houses up to one hundred fat Americans in ready-to-puke mode.

Sending a birthday card to baggy-faced actor Geoffrey Palmer (star of *Butterflies* and the British lamb ad.) who is 65 on the 4th of this month.

CONNECTIONS

More fast and lewd links to stretch the bounds of believability...

Actress Emma Thompson's father wrote *The Magic Roundabout* which is a 1970s children's programme liked by adults too...

AS IS

Thomas the Tank Engine which was narrated by ex-Beatle Ringo Starr who is married to beautiful Barbara Bach who was a Bond Girl...

AS WAS

Karen Levy, girlfriend of Liverpool manager Graeme Souness who used to be a professional footballer...

AS IS

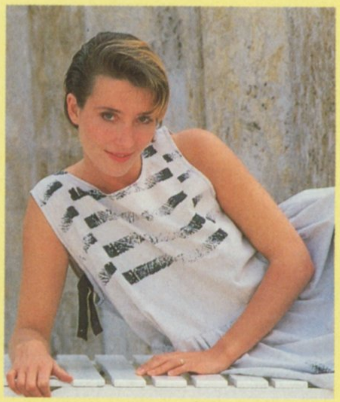
Leeds United's Lee Chapman who is married to actress Leslie Ash who used to present TV pop show *The Tube*...

AS DID

Pretty wee Scots lassie Muriel Gray who used to have her own TV show...

AS DID

Emma Thompson



already slick and waiting for him. By now, Tim needed no encouragement and, holding her hips, he eased his thick stick deep into her slit until his balls were slapping her butt. He started to pump and Hannah looked at me over her shoulder and smiled. "He's good," she said, "real good."

She knew how much I get off on seeing another guy screw her. "Fuck her harder!" I urged Tim. Hannah groaned, turned on by that kind of talk and Tim rammed his dick deeper into her pussy.

Now they were both yelling in delight and I walked around, holding my dick a few inches from her mouth so she couldn't lick it like she wanted to. I started to toss off over her face and that really got her going. "Fuck me!" she screamed to Tim. "Do it harder!" The sweat was rolling off Tim as he pumped and pumped and came his load right into her clutching cooze just as Hannah had her climax. Seeing this, I let her swallow my cock and her lips and tongue did the rest — a few hard sucks and she was on the receiving end of a huge load of spunk courtesy of my balls and she didn't let up until she was sure I was drained for certain. Whew! How's that for a girl? Wonder if any other *Mayfair* readers can boast a wife like my Hannah? — T.M., Yeovil

A LADY FOR DI

I guess the fact that I'm a girl writing into a men's magazine tells you I'm what you might call the adventurous type — especially when it comes to sex. I'm 20 now but I lost my virginity two years ago to an older man (a business friend of my father's) and first slept with another girl less than a year later.

Until I moved into Karen's flat last March, I hadn't told anyone that I had had a bisexual experience. Then one evening Karen revealed that she had always wondered what it was like to kiss and make love with another girl... and before you could say 'soixante neuf' we were doing just that on the sitting room floor.

After we had both come Karen insisted on me telling her all about my previous encounter...

At the time I was keen to try anything and everything — and still am, for that matter. So when I met my Diana on holiday in Greece it crossed my mind fairly early on that if I was ever going to taste a girl's pussy I would like to start with hers!

Diana was a natural blonde, which I couldn't help remarking on the first time I saw her sunbathing on the beach. I recall how she blushed slightly as I stared at the tufts of soft, fair pubes that escaped the elastic of her bikini bottoms. She quickly tucked them back in but I was already hooked. The thought of sliding my fingers between her legs sent a sexy shiver down my spine and I realised there and then that I was ready for my first bisexual experience. I love daring myself to do naughty things and this was my biggest dare yet. Now all I had to do was convince Diana that she was ready to eat pussy too!

This didn't prove to be that difficult in the end, as our days spent together on the beach brought us closer and closer. We shared our secrets and even some fantasies. We smoothed tanning lotion onto each other's legs, backs and even boobs. Every time I touched Diana I would make it a caress until I was sure that she had got the message. Then on the last day of my holiday, when I knew I would have to act soon or never see Diana again, I asked my friend if she would like to come to a night-club with me for a good-bye drink. Diana agreed and later that evening she called for me at my hotel room.

When I opened the door to her, the sight of

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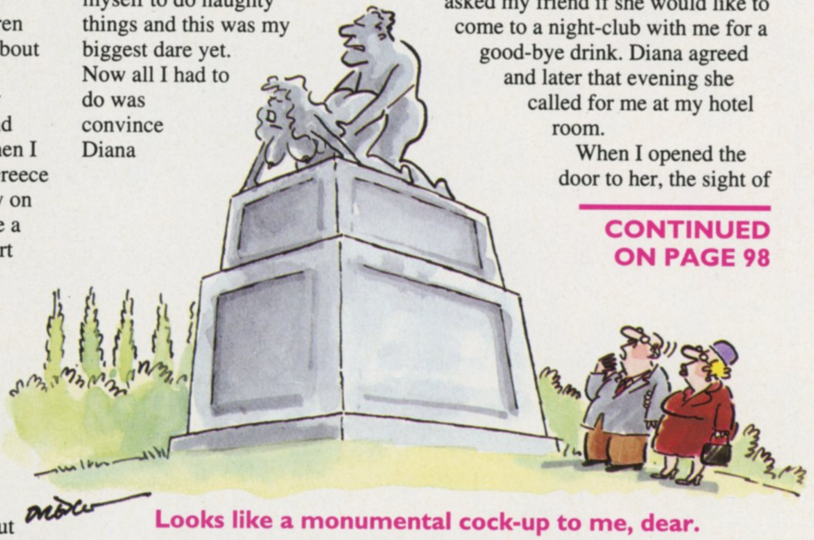


Looks like a monumental cock-up to me, dear.

OUR SURVEY SAYS....

Every magazine and newspaper seems to have its own sex survey, so Mayfair has combined the lot to produce the Sex Poll of Polls. Fortunately ***Peter Snow*** *wasn't available to present it.*

Our Sample

At least five different magazines and Sunday newspapers have published surveys about our sex lives and fantasies in the last month. By combining the results of them all, *Mayfair* is able to bring you the following truer picture of what's going on and coming off in Britain.

Top Ten Things Men Fantasise About

1) Oral sex from a woman (59 per cent)
2) Group sex (42 per cent)
3) Using a dildo on her (38 per cent)
4) Watching porn films with her (36 per cent)
5) Going to a live sex show (29 per cent)
6) Being dominated (25 per cent)
7) Being watched (22 per cent)
8) Sex in unusual positions (e.g. from behind)(17 per cent)
9) Screwing outdoors (15 per cent)
10) Dressing her up in kinky clothing (10 per cent)

Top Ten Things Girls Fantasise About

1) Sex with more than one man (49 per cent)
2) Sex outdoors (46 per cent)
3) Sex with another woman present (39 per cent)
4) Foot massage, toe sucking etc (37 per cent)
5) Dominating a man (32 per cent)
6) Food erotica (licking things off him and vice versa) (29 per cent)
7) Dressing for sex (17 per cent)
8) Men in uniform (10 per cent)
9) Large cocks (9 per cent)
10) Body builders (5 per cent)

How Often Girls Have Sex

Once a day or more (6 per cent)
Four to six times a week (13 per cent)
Two to three times a week (37 per cent)
Once a week (17 per cent)
Once a fortnight (9 per cent)
Once a month (5 per cent)
Less than once a month (10 per cent)
Never (2 per cent)
Don't know (1 per cent)

Top Ten Famous Fantasy Figures

1) Patsy Kensit (24 per cent)
2) Madonna (23 per cent)
3) Gabriella Sabatini (22 per cent)
4) Sharron Davies (20 per cent)
5) Felicity Kendal (19 per cent)
6) Julie Christie (15 per cent)
7) Kelly of *Beverly Hills 90210* (12 per cent)
8) Annabel Croft (9 per cent)
9) Amanda de Cadenet (9 per cent)
10) Rachel Garley (6 per cent)

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Diana's bum fitted snugly into a tiny black dress that was decent by about half an inch, made me tremble with desire. I invited her in and she sat on the bed while I finished my make-up.

Diana put on my cassette player. The sound of Madonna's 'Like A Prayer' rang out. "I love this song," said Diana. "Come on let's have a bit of a dance to start the evening!"

We started to dance, facing each other. "I think Madonna's so sexy, don't you?" asked Diana above the music.

"O-o-oh, yes," I stuttered. "But not half as sexy as you!"

There! I'd done it! I'd told her. Now how was she going to react?

"Don't be silly! She's much sexier than me," said Diana, "and I bet she's good in bed too!"

"And would you go to bed with her?" I asked, leaning my head so my lips brushed her left ear.

"I'd rather go to bed with you..." gushed Diana confidently, just as the tape ended, so 'you' sounded very loud.

"I've been wanting you to say that all week," I said as I led Diana to the bed. "I haven't done this sort of thing before," I continued, "but I think we should start with a kiss..."

My voice trailed off as Diana pulled me down onto the bed and pressed her full lipsticked lips to mine. I enjoy kissing men a lot, but this didn't even compare! The sensations that passed straight from my mouth to my mind, to my clitty were unbelievable!

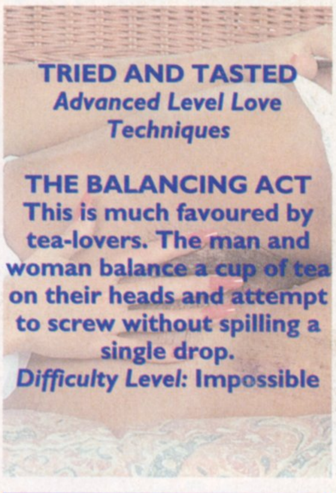
I was in seventh heaven as our mouths opened and our tongues discovered each other in a warm, soft embrace. Then the pace began to hot up as our latent lesbian passions were aroused. "I want you," whispered Diana. "I want your tongue and your fingers in me. I want you to make love to me in every possible way."

There was no holding us back now as I slipped my hand along the length of Diana's smooth thighs and then up into the V-shape between her legs. She was naked underneath and as soon as Diana was able to spread her legs an inch, I was knuckle-deep in her red-hot pussy hole. My own fanny was dripping so I encouraged Diana to pull aside my panties and frig me. We kissed deeply as we fingered each other madly, then hugged closer so our hard nipples met. "I want to taste you," said Diana. But I wanted to lick her too so I suggested we get our clothes off and ourselves into a sexy 69. I'd been in this position with men, and loved the double-ended pleasure.

We quickly stripped each other off and I got on top of Diana, looking down into her marvellous blonde muff. "Mmmm," I cooed, "I just know I'm going to like this!" And with that I dived tongue first into Diana's pussy, licking and caressing, sucking and probing. At the same time I ground my own crotch into Diana's pretty face, her tongue meeting my every squirm.

I smiled to myself as it finally dawned on me that my female fantasies had at last come true, and only an inch from my face was the sweetest smelling, juiciest tasting pussy of another girl!

We tried most things that night and none of them involved getting out of bed! Between every orgasm we spent ages kissing and tasting each other. My eyes had been well and truly opened to lesbian love and I knew then that this wouldn't be the last time I would have another girl's clit between my lips. And, as my new lover Karen here can testify, she certainly wasn't! — Clarissa, Filey. Ⓜ



TRIED AND TASTED
Advanced Level Love Techniques

THE BALANCING ACT
This is much favoured by tea-lovers. The man and woman balance a cup of tea on their heads and attempt to screw without spilling a single drop.
***Difficulty Level:* Impossible**

Next month in Mayfair

Holy sheet! Why are the covers hiding Carol's best feature? We don't know – but they're sure to have fallen away by next month...

Volume 27 Number 7, on sale July 2.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

dress she was wearing a classy silk bra with matching french knickers. And unlike most women I'd been out with she was also wearing a suspender belt and stockings.

Gwyn sat on a chair and unclipped the stockings then rolled them down her legs, her eyes never leaving my face. When the stockings landed next to me I picked them up and rubbed them against my face, revelling in the softness of the material. Next she threw her suspender belt at me, then teasingly she undid her bra, her breasts jiggling slightly as she danced before me. Her nipples looked so hard and delicious that my mouth watered at the thought of tasting them.

Finally her panties came off to reveal Gwyn's thatch of blonde pubic hair. By now I was desperate to have her so quickly I undressed, laid her on the bed and chewed her nipples hungrily. At that point I didn't realise just how sensitive her nipples were and I was surprised to find that she was orgasming while I sucked and licked them.

My hand led my prick towards Gwyn's cunt, and when I entered her slowly she became fevered. Her legs tightened around my waist and she began urging me to fuck her faster and faster and... well, as you can probably imagine I came fairly quickly that first night!

When I woke the next morning I was disappointed to find that Gwyn had already left, but hanging on my bedpost were her silky knickers... Ever since then my ideal way of spending a day is watching Gwyn prancing around in nothing but her underwear — much better than fully naked any day! — E.F., Chelmsford

OFFICE SECRETS

As an attractive 32-year-old secretary I've developed quite a reputation as the office flirt. However, until last Christmas nothing had ever happened further than the odd grope in the stockroom and the occasional squeezing of my bulging breasts in the elevator. This all changed after the office party.

By four the party was in full swing and I was quite tipsy, the booze having gone straight to my head. I was chatting to George, a handsome young executive who I secretly fancied when he suddenly looked at his watch and remarked, "Nina, I've got to leave early and I need some stationery urgently. Would you be an angel and get me a box of envelopes from the stockroom?"

The stockroom was on the same floor but off the main area. I unlocked the door while he held our

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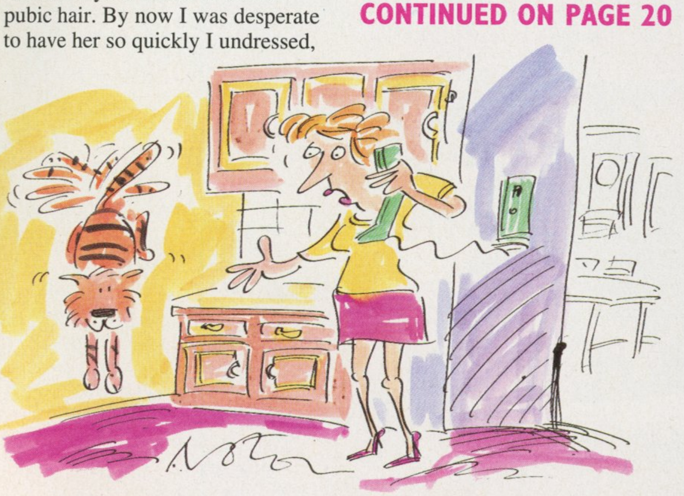


Animal behaviourist... what does it mean if my cat keeps pretending it's a helicopter?

MONEY

Commission-free advice on a cash crisis from City slicker ***Alexander More...***

E.R.M...?

Five Things You Ought To Know About The E.R.M.

1) It stands for Exchange Rate Mechanism.
2) It means currencies are inextricably linked together so if one does badly we're all fucked.
3) It also stands for, "Erm, come to think of it, it's not such a great idea after all."
4) We joined it at a level we can't possibly sustain.
5) Dyslexics think it's the band that released *Shiny Happy People*.

OH YOU CAN'T GET THICKER

One of the few companies making a Kwik profit out of the recession is tyre and exhaust 'specialists' *Kwik Fit*. In the last twelve months their profits have soared faster than a lumberjack on speed, increasing by an astonishing 66 per cent. Naturally boss Tom Farmer — whose grinning mug can be seen in most branches promising '100 per cent customer delight' — is elated. But quite a few customers aren't.

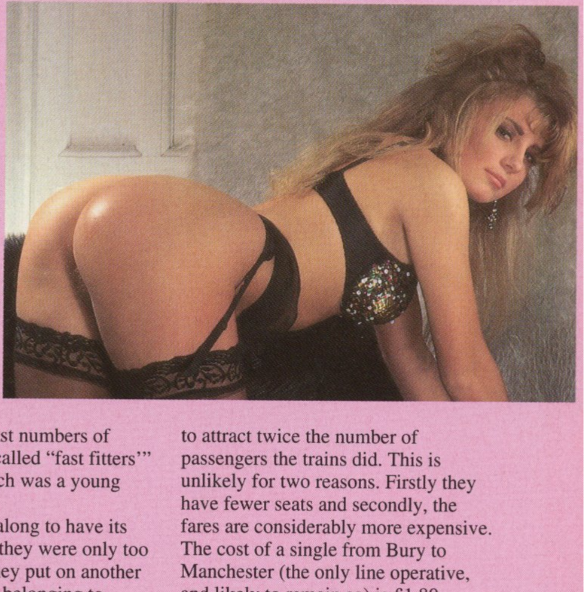
Which? magazine recently criticised *Kwik Fit* for their work and say that they have received vast numbers of complaints about so-called "fast fitters'" shoddy work. One such was a young lady called Haidee.

She took her Astra along to have its exhaust replaced and they were only too Kwik to fit her up. They put on another exhaust in no time — belonging to another model. Wondering why it rattled, she took it back. They made minor adjustments, and it still rattled so she took it back again — and again and again. A total of eight visits later, her *Kwik Fit* had cost her considerable time and money. Altogether now... you can't get thicker than a *Kwik Fit* fitter, you can't get thicker than a *Kwik Fit* fitter...

In short, despite their profitability we can't really recommend *Kwik Fit* to anyone — but we know a man that can. Although they too have received complaints, the AA still approve them, which might well explain the 66 per cent increase in profits.

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

This month's Bullion Botty award — a gold replica of the tight tush of Laura — goes to the good burghers of Manchester City Council for their fabulous Metrolink scheme. As Granadaland readers will know, the council is in the process of replacing perfectly good railways in their desperation to bring trams back to the city centre. The new Metrolink light railways (which run on existing rails and then into the city on tracks built into the roads) have cost a staggering £140 million, and plans to build more of them have already been shelved.



To stand any chance of being profitable, Metrolink trams will have to attract twice the number of passengers the trains did. This is unlikely for two reasons. Firstly they have fewer seats and secondly, the fares are considerably more expensive. The cost of a single from Bury to Manchester (the only line operative, and likely to remain so) is £1.80 — twice the fare for the same distance on Newcastle's highly successful Metro, and considerably more than the bus or train used to be.

Not surprisingly, plans for a massive celebratory opening ceremony were cancelled.

But if anyone from Manchester cares to pick up their award in person, we'll buy them a pint — in return for a ride of course.

MAYFAIR

MONEY FOR NOTHING...

As regular readers will recall, last month we set two of our models the task of making a million from a single ten pound note we gave each of them. Already Jill is on the way with £300 by investing her tenner in a pair of satin french knickers and getting a modelling job on the strength of them. So far Catherine has been less lucky. After consulting a financial adviser she has been bought a pub lunch and made 2p in the building society. Now read on...

This month Catherine decided to put her £10.02 in the stock market. After consulting with a broker, they suggested a few reliable companies and Catherine suddenly became a city slicker. She became a somewhat sicker slicker when the talk of hung parliaments sent share prices plummeting so she was worse off than before. However, the election of a Tory government to everyone's surprise, except mine, sent them up again, so she has made a slight profit. Current value £12.50.

Jill also had advice from an independent adviser. A small Irishman in her local pub gave her a sure thing in the 2:30 at Chepstow and it came in at 10-1! So she now has £3,300 to her name and a pair of slightly used french knickers! Find out what sort of screw she can wangle next month.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

Whilst the election brought arguments about the effect a minimum wage has on female employees, Taiwan adopts much firmer rules for working girls. Until recently, the Taiwanese police force imposed a Minimum Bust rule, insisting on its women having at least a pair of 36 inch tits!

Big boobs were compulsory for the fair cops of Taiwan because they helped bust crime. Policewomen should 'look strong and bear down on their suspects in an imposing manner' according to Taiwan's Vice-Justice Minister. But now the enormous knockers are out. The minister told the Federation of Professional Taiwanese Women that since men didn't have to pass a size qualification, neither should the ladies.

When we told this month's big boobed Annabelle (p.70), she was shocked. "It's a shame," she told us. "I've always fancied myself in uniform. Mind you, I think I'm probably over-qualified."

WATER PISSER!

If having the bailiffs take your car away or British Telecom disconnect your telephone isn't bad enough, the water board are now after your bog! Increased water rates have meant more and more people are getting a little behind with their sewage payments, and being cut off! This means no mains water — including the flush on your toilet!

Those who have found themselves in this sorry state have been reduced to performing certain important bodily functions in newspaper, wrapping it up and then trying to dispose of it. Dustmen are understandably fed up with finding crap clogging up their dustcarts and street cleaners are certainly none too happy about some of the little bundles they have to handle.

So do your local refuse operative a favour. If you are cut off by the water board and forced to dump your load into your least favourite tabloid, don't leave it in a bin. Put it in a jiffy bag, and post it to your water board!

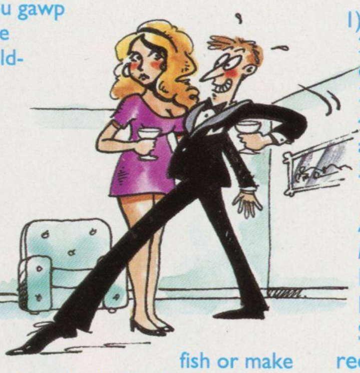
MODERN MANNERS

Manners can help man maketh woman, claims etiquette queen ***Lavinia Garden...***

DO'S AND DON'TS

Meeting a woman with large breasts for the first time.

One of the social sitiautions in which men find themselves most tongue-tied is being introduced to a lady with frightfully large boobs. All too many of you gawp like goldfish or make cheap 'melon' jokes. In this month's Do's and Don'ts I've compiled the golden rules of what should and shouldn't be done when encountering a colossal cleavage.

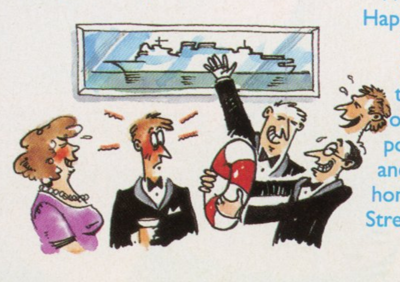


DON'T say, "Blimey, you don't get many of those to the pound!"
DO try not to drool.
DON'T stare at them and talk like there's a microphone in there.
DO compliment her on her clothing.
DON'T ask if buying that size bra is a problem.
DO offer her a drink.
DON'T make jokes about "Bet yours is a double!"
DO refrain from squeezing past her in an empty room.
DON'T squeeze them and make honking noises like a motor horn.
DO ask her out.
DON'T ask her to get them out.

FAUX PAS

Ten things to avoid saying when someone lets off.

Breaking wind at a formal gathering is embarrassing for both the evacuee and those on the receiving end of his or her rectal odours. If accompanied by a loud parping, the postern noise is doubly difficult to deal with. Many try to pass the unfortunate occasion off with a joke. This is not advisable, only drawing attention to the solo performer of the anal fanfare. Here are five popular ripostes to be avoided.



1) "Better out than in, missus!"
2) "That sounds like it touched cloth!"
3) "Nice one, vicar!"
4) "Give over quacking. Get out and walk, Donald!"
5) "Sounds like the QE2's back!"

At the Dinner Table

Fast food.

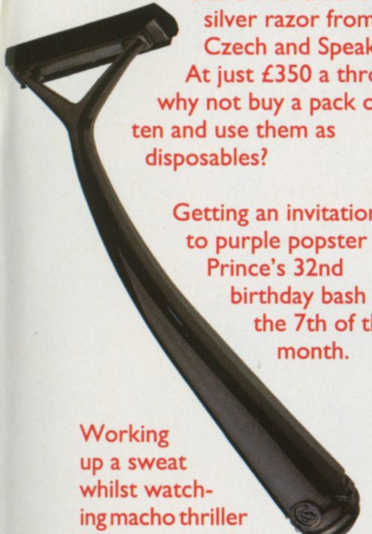
Fast food emporia such as Mr McDonald's and Colonel Sanders' establishments require a specific code of conduct and I offer the following advice to those of you more used to traditional dining out.

* One does not order at table. Crying "Garcon!" at the uniformed staff may cause offence.
* Do not ask to see the wine list.
* One is not invited to sample the Triple Thick Choc-Flavor Shake prior to purchase.
* Fish knives are not required for the Big McCod Burger, nor cutlery of any kind.
* Taking five napkins and ten straws is regarded as impolite.
* Wearing a Ronald McDonald Happi Hat is not compulsory.
* On finishing your meal, do not wait for hours expecting the staff to clear your table, offer cigars and port. Place your polystyrene punnets in the bin and vacate the restaurant prior to honking the lot up in the High Street like all the other customers.

URGERS
FRIES

Illustrations by Chris Harding

Wondering why you're nearly half way through this magazine and we haven't mentioned the immensely munchable Amanda de Cadenet even once.



Treating your girl to a close shave with a solid silver razor from Czech and Speake. At just £350 a throw why not buy a pack of ten and use them as disposables?

Getting an invitation to purple popster Prince's 32nd birthday bash on the 7th of this month.

Working up a sweat whilst watching macho thriller Fever starring Sam Neil and Armand Assante from 20-20 Vision

ARMAND
ASSANTE
SAM
NEILL
20·20
VISION
FEVER
18

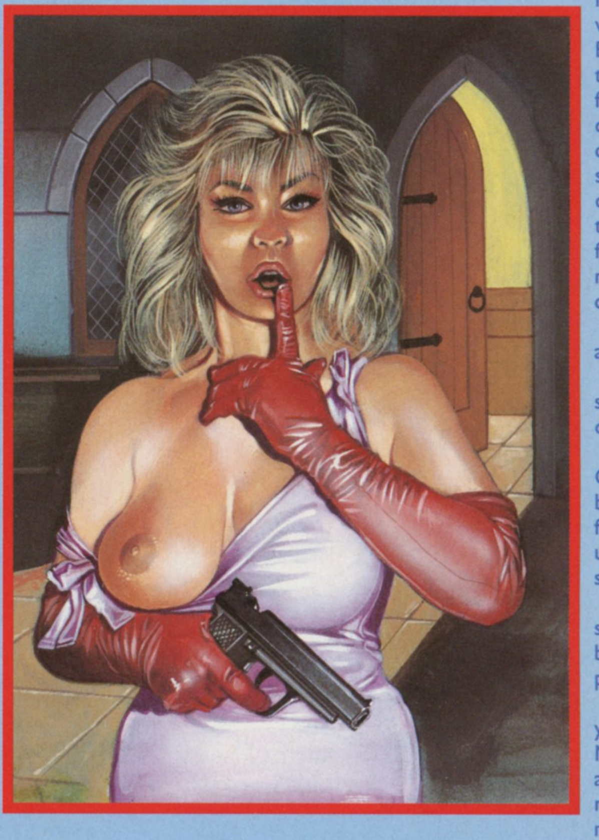
home video, which might not be the best movie you'll ever see but it's got to be better than the TV. Bruce fucking Forsythe again, for God's sake!

Wondering when Kenwood are going to send us a free hi-fi like the UD-300 here, for all the free publicity we give them.

MURDER WE WROTE

*Part two of **Butler Dunnett**'s mystery starring TV's defective detectives who've done so much for real ale sales...*

Previously on Murder We Wrote... In the Cornsetshire village of Amurder Nightly, the Reverend Green has been killed by the church roof collapsing on his pulpit halfway through his sermon. Amateur sleuths Hercules Girot, Lord Peter Flimsy, Jim Buggerthat and Miss Inga Marbles were amongst those who witnessed the deed — Inspector Morose and Lewisham being in the pub. Now they are being held up in the church by a beautiful blonde stranger threatening to blow Jim's head off...



"This mouth is loaded and I'm not afraid to use it," said the sumptuous blonde licking her cherry-red lips. "Will you come quietly?"

"I doubt it," replied Buggerthat.

"We shall see!"

So saying, the blonde undid the Jersey tec's flies and knelt down.

"Oh my!" sighed Miss Marbles. "I think I need the toilet again — oh dear, too late!"

The blonde held Buggerthat's leading part in her hand and put it to her lips. Then suddenly the door burst open with a crash.

"Put down that weapon!"

It was Inspector Morose and Geordie sidekick Lewisham, pissed as farts.

"Sod it!" thought Buggerthat.

"Hey, weapon, thash a good 'un, Inspector!" giggled Lewisham, falling over the hymn books.

"Careful, Inspector," warned Hercules Girot. "Zee lady is packing heat!"

"And very nicely packed it is too — burrrp!" said Morose. "Who are you?"

"I am Lady Lawdown, the ridiculously wealthy snobbish character with the English stately home that ensures American sales of the series. I came to see the vicar about him refusing to let me open the church fete when I heard a scream. I assumed one of you..."

"Mais, Madame, we 'ave no motive to kill zee reverend gentleman," said Inspector Migraine. "Unlike your good self. You employ several handymen who could well 'ave loosened the structure of zee roof killing him, leaving you free to open zee fete."

"And look who I've found," exclaimed Miss Marbles emerging damply from the toilet with a rumbled old character actor who'd had quite an important part in *Z Cars* once. "It's Burrows the disgruntled gravedigger who had his five shilling a week pay rise turned down by the Rev Green just yesterday. He was working on the roof with a Black and Decker Rechargable Hammer Drill in his hands. What do you say to that, Burrows?"

Burrows said nothing. His contract strictly stated: 'Silent walk-on, £35'.

"Hey, lass an' then there's those blurks we 'urd plottin' doon the pub, like. Remember, boss?" said Lewisham wiping his mouth after throwing up in the font.

"Pardon me for intruding sirs," said Lord Peter Flimsy's butler, Banter, "but actually it was me. I was jealous after his Lordship and I were involved in that business of the Nine Tailors."

"What have zee husbands of Elizabeth Taylor got to do with theese?" asked Girot, twiddling his stick-on moustache.

"The *Nine Tailors* is a bally peel of bells used in churches, and a jolly good TV series made in the seventies starring me!" explained Lord Peter. "Banter has sulked ever since."

"I killed the vicar — who before he was born again was none other than television producer, Tristram Plantin de Main Wilson, the man responsible for me being played by that fat Welsh git, Glyn Houston!"

"It seems this case is more complicated than we thought," said Jim Buggerthat. "I need to think. Lady Lawdown, fancy coming out for a drive in my quaint old car to provide the scenic exterior shots demanded by the tourist board in return for free hotel accommodation for the film crew?"

"Nobody's going anywhere!"

A tall figure in black stood at the church door.

"I killed the Rev Green to drum up business for my flagging firm of undertakers, and now I shall kill all of you."

"I say, I don't suppose you fancy a blow-job, darling?" pouted Lady Lawdown.

"Errr. Okay — all of you except the lady. Now don't try anything funny — it never works in men's magazines. And you can forget trying to escape, there's only one set! Now all of you into the choir stalls, we've set the detonators to demolish the whole of St Simon the Templars in two minutes."

Will the church explode wiping out the detective population of Amurder Nightly?

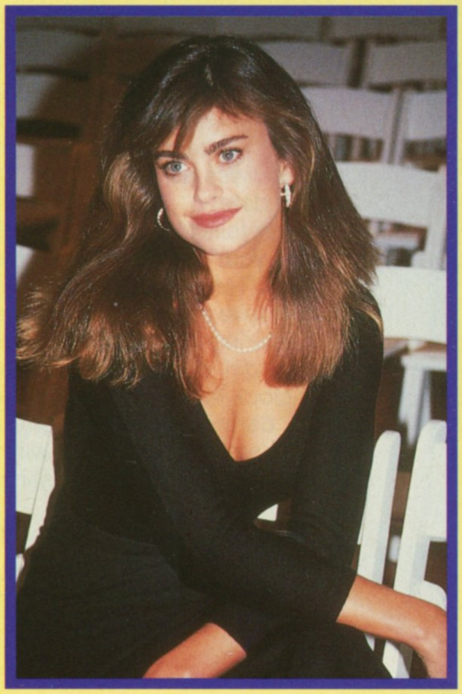
Did the undertaker really murder the vicar or was it a justifiable revenge killing for being played by a fat fading Welsh character actor?

And will there be a blow job in next month's story?

Find out in the concluding episode of *Murder We Wrote.*

Illustrated by Mike Francis

flash!



Well, Kathy – Where Did You See Them Last?

The constant pressure of being a top fashion model, wiggling your priceless bottom on every catwalk from New York to Milan can make a girl lose sight of her priorities and forget those important little things in life. Little things like her panties... Yes, in another exclusive candid Mayfair *camera shot we can reveal what American model Kathy Ireland forgot to wear when she went out for a night on the town — her knickers! Oh well, her loss is our gain!*

Madonna in hanky panky sexsation!

Hardly a day passes when that girl Madonna isn't trying to shock us by appearing in public in a state of semi-undress. But on a Miami beach in March the sexy superstar finally succeeded in surprising everyone!

The Material Girl caused a worldwide sensation when she stripped off for a sizzling photo shoot with top British fashion model Naomi Campbell. The snaps, taken for a new book about the star, were plastered all over the daily papers showing the saucy singer and her pal playing out their outrageous sexual fantasies, including a thrilling threesome.

But there was one thing the papers didn't show. Super-imposed 'shadows' hid the part that other publications cannot reach, allowing us to look at both sides of the star, but nothing in between! Now all can be revealed in a sneak preview of the hottest shots from what promises to be a very revealing look at the sex-symbol's steamy side. We can't wait!

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

NET RETURNS!

*Fashions come and go, but men just can't get enough of flimsy fishnet stockings. Style correspondent **Lynne Mouth** examines the ups and downs of the black magic mesh...*

Forget fears of baggy knees, sagging ankles and the burn of coarse fibres on the soles of feet — fishnet stockings are looking good and feeling fine. What's more they're back on the legs (and boobs) of the best dressed girls about town.

Thanks to new stretch fibres to improve fit, texture and comfort, and a strong showing on catwalks from London to Milan, the fishnet stocking has found its way back into the wardrobe of the sexiest women in the world. Everyone from Madonna, Kylie Minogue and the girl behind the sausage counter at Sainsbury's is slipping into fishy designs by Chanel, Jean Paul Gaultier and Sock Shop.

Those who may remember the many previous incarnations of the fishnet will greet this latest fashion revival with a groan — but only till they remember the first time they clapped eyes on a gorgeous pair of gams clad in slinky black stockings. And what's more, they didn't make bras and panties out of fishnet in those days!

The height of glamour in the 1930s (donned by screen sex sirens like Dietrich), slinky in the swinging 60s (especially on Bridgette Bardot) and the depths of tackiness in the 70s (loved and laddered by punks), fishnets have always been popular. And though stockings were shunned in the prudish 80s, thanks largely to kinky underwear queen Ann Summers, they never really disappeared.

Every girl knows the effect a long leg barely wrapped in flimsy fishnet can have on a man. For just £3.75, a pair of Ann Summers fishnets worn with a short enough skirt gets a girl all the attention she wants, with guys literally falling at her feet.

Anne Summers produces a whole range of saucy underwear in fishnet including suspender tights (£3.75), panties (£5.50), a daring fishnet g-string playsuit complete with chain suspenders (£14.99) — all in black of course. The best fishnet stockings (officially tried and tested by our secretaries) come from Pineapple. Their comfortable mesh and snug fit was designed for dancers so they'll stand up to just about everything the Kama Sutra can throw at them!

Never one to miss out on a kinky gimmick, sexy singer Madonna has been seen in the sheer stuff since she started out in the early 80s. The stock in trade of her red hot stage show has always been lashings and lashings of lovely fishnet. These days the mantle of fishnet favourite has fitted snugly around the slender figure of Autralian sex kitten Kylie Minogue. She shocked her millions of teenage fans by netting her assets in a full body suit of flesh-revealing mesh, with only a skimpy g-string to cover her modesty.

But it's not only the girls who take stock of the latest fashion trend and slip into something comfortable. Outrageous pop duo *Right Said Fred* are the first of the fellas to adopt the holy look. But then, being a couple of body builders, they would. Not for everyone is the feeling that your fleshy form is on show for all to see — at least no one who enjoys his beer anyway.

So next time you fancy splashing the cash on your nearest and dearest, why not buy her a little black number with holes in it? You could buy yourself one at the same time!

The Tights Test

We asked our secretary to try out six of the best known brands of fishnet stockings and tights. After a sometimes uncomfortable week, this is what she came up with...

Net Gains

Pineapple fishnets (£18.99) — "The lady in the shop said they're made for professional dancers, so they stretched very well over my bottom and didn't bag out at all — even when I was having sex from behind!"
*Stocking Score: ******

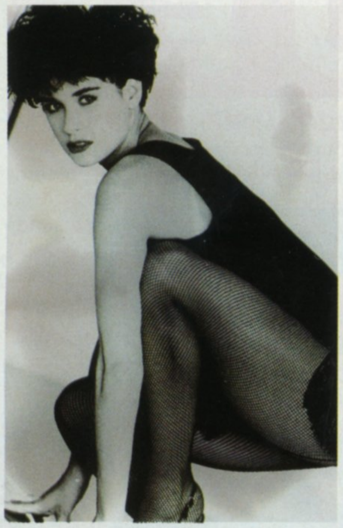
Ann Summers' *Smooth Operators Stockings* (£2.40) — "I wore a red pair out to the pub and pulled a bloke within five minutes. Later that evening he even begged me to keep my stockings on in bed which I found wonderfully kinky. What's more, they don't go baggy at the knees, but they do pick anything up." (*We thought that was the whole idea — The Editor.*)
*Stocking Score: *****

Anne Summers' *Crotchless Tights* (£3.75) — "Terrific if you can't be bothered wearing a suspender belt and stockings. This can be very useful if a girl fancies five more minutes in bed with her fella in the morning. I especially loved sitting in the park and opening my legs slightly so I could feel the wind against my pussy hairs. These are a real turn-on!"
*Stocking Score: ******

Net Losses

Walkers Court fishnets (£5.00) — "For five quid I expected something pretty special but they were fairly ordinary really. The seams running up the back of them made my boyfriend drool but I felt like a war-widow."
*Stocking Score: ***

***Clockwise from top left:** Ann Summer's in red; a cheeky pair; these Ann Summer's are transparent; sexy French actress Mathilda May looks a right mesh; net returns on the catwalk.*



***Clockwise from top right:* Ann Summers' in black; Kylie nets her assets; slinky tights get a net result; Madonna's stocking behaviour; Dannii gets it on her chest; stocking trade for a munchy model; Demi Moore's net gains; net's the Word for Katie Puckrick; Kylie's full frontal!**

Andrea fishnets (£2.50 to £3.00) — "I like the look of cheap fishnets — I guess that's a hangover from my punk days. These made my legs feel smoother than smooth but unfortunately the crotch only came up to my knee-caps and it took half an hour to put them on they were so tight!"
Stocking Score: **

Sock Shop fishnets (£2.99) — "I'm sorry but I couldn't get worked up about these at all. My toe went through the end as soon as I put them on and they seemed to fit my legs like toilet-roll tubing. Yuck!"
Stocking Score: *

Ten People Who Wear Fishnets

Madonna
Kylie Minogue
Cher
Paula Abdul
Gloria Estefan
Mathilda May
Dannii Minogue
Richard Fairbrass
Marilyn Monroe
Nora Batty

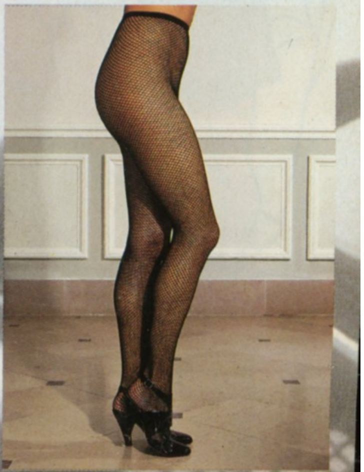
Fabulous Fishnet Facts!

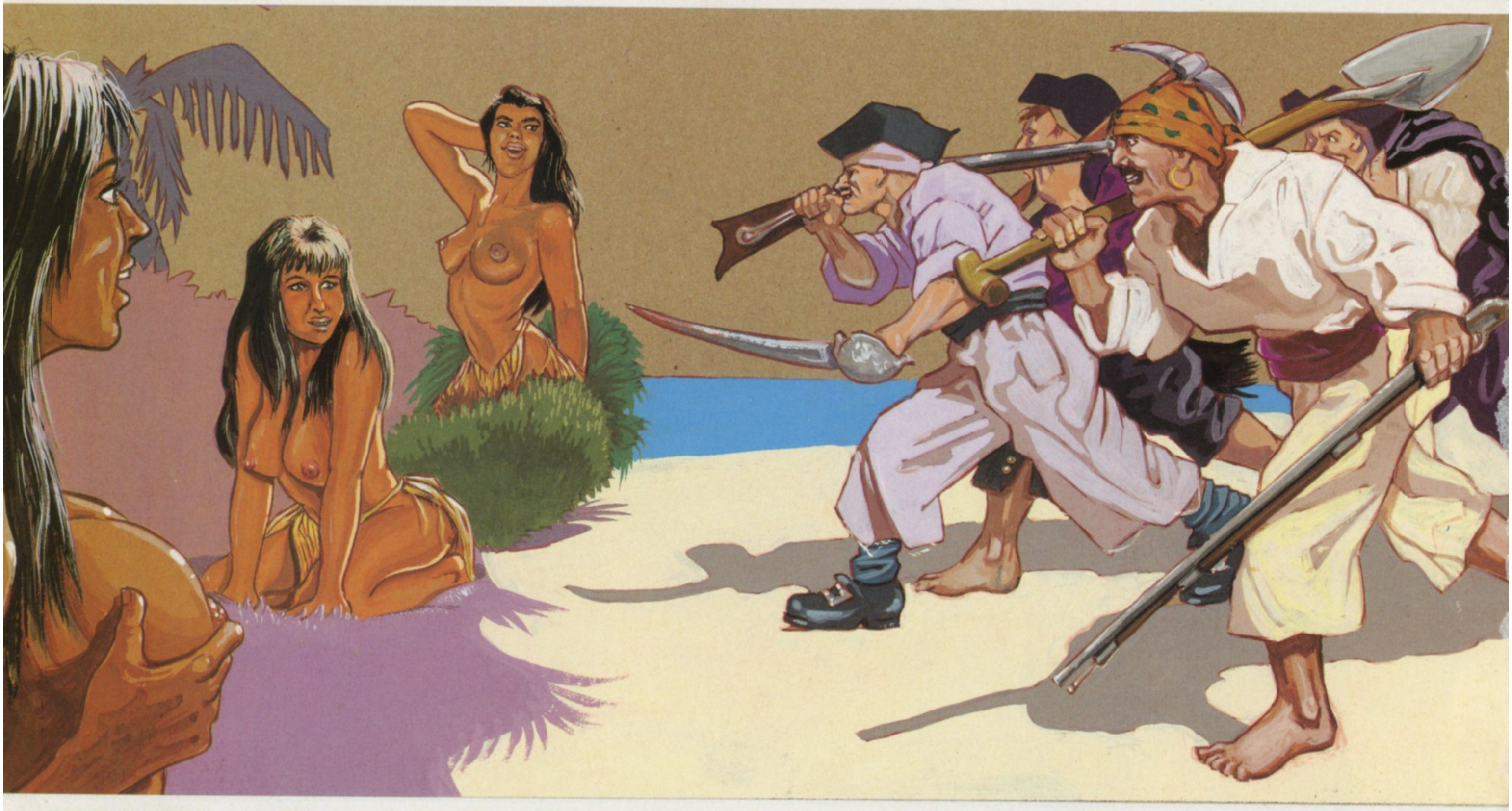
Fishnet stockings were first popular in the days of the Regency dandy — and worn by men! It was the guys who first realised that this fine mesh felt good against the skin. Ladies didn't latch on to them until the 20th century.

Fishnet stockings are one of Ann Summers' biggest sellers (after saucy panties). In February and March of this year nearly 2,200 pairs of black, over 1,000 pairs of red and over 300 pairs of white were sold by the company whose party plan service celebrates its tenth anniversary this year.

Ann Summers crotchless fishnet tights are rapidly overtaking stockings as their most popular fishnet product. Over 1,200 pairs were sold in March and over 800 in just the first two weeks of April. It was a hot spring for some girls...

Kenny Everett's 'Disgusted of Mayfair' (no relation) was a character who wore a pinstripe suit with fishnet stockings beneath (visible when he turned round). He once complained on the Parkinson chat show that they were murder to wear as they rubbed against his ankles.





Illustrated by Rikson with acknowledgements to N.C. Wyeth

PLEASURE ISLAND

Jim Porkins tells the tale of Long John Saliva and the search for ladies with large chests on a far-off island in the South Seas...

By Robert Looney Shiptonson

Slack Dog

Squire Toohorny, Dr Liversalt and all the others have asked me to write down all the particulars of Pleasure Island and the fun that can be found there.

It starts back in the days when my father owned *The Admirable Dildo*, an old inn snugly nestling in a narrow inlet. Being sick of the pox, it fell to me, although only few in years, to run the pub serving the crews of square riggers moored in the cove and providing wenches for their needs. They were a wild bunch, and never once did we rid the *Dildo* of the smell of salty seamen.

Then one squally night a strange newcomer hove into view. With a thick black moustache, coarse-haired arms and a pair of 40 inch breasts.

"Give me rum, boy, whilst I heave my chest onto the bar!" it bellowed. "I be Slack Dog, who be you, lad?" she shouted in a rum-sodden voice. "And where's that rum?"

"I'm Jim Porkins," I replied. "One Bacardi coming up — ice and slice?"

"Good to know ee, Jim," cried Dog knocking back the rum so quickly she nearly had her eye out with the cocktail stick. "I've come off the *Jolly Rogering*. I was on her 14 years before the mast. Fucking waste of time that was — without a mast. Now take a look inside my chest and tell me what ya see."

With that she grasped me and thrust my head deep between her huge boobs.

"Mmm, mmmbbb, ggmmg," I replied, the words muffled by those giant jugs. She pulled me out. "Just a large mole," I said still red-faced and panting.

"The Brown Spot!" she cried. "Fetch me a rum and I'll tell ee what it means."

Loving everything to do with the sea and its masters I had to know more. I gave her the bottle and stuck a segment of lime in the top.

"Good on you, Jim lad," she said taking a long slug then putting it back in her knickers where the insect had found a home. "That Brown Spot be the first clue to more treasure than any man could want."

"Dubloons!" I cried excitedly.

"Keep ee voice down, swab," she hissed. "No, far more valuable than that! And there's a map to where you can find it just a little lower down..."

She rubbed her fanny with a knarled finger.

"You can look if you like..."

"Err, I have other customers to serve," I stammered, disappearing fast.

The Death of Blind Spew

At ten of the clock, I heard the tap-tapping of a cane approaching. It was that miserable bastard Blind Spew whose name derived from his unfortunate habit of throwing up on the first person he didn't see. He shoved his way to the bar, knocking pints over till the floor was awash like a clipper in a force ten.

"Half of mild, and none of your lip," he demanded pushing in front of a young Captain who had been waiting some time for a Gin and It.

"Excuse me..." he began. "I think I was..."

"Fuck off!" replied Spew.

Slack Dog roared with laughter.

"For a sightless man, you have spirit," she cried. "Come here, blind man, I have a surprise for ee."

Suddenly for the first time he could remember, Spew felt his reeking trousers being wrenched down and his limp white dick taken into her toothless mouth. Her strong lips and muscular tongue worked away until even the hapless old beggar managed a sizeable erection, then she began sucking hard.

"Oooooooh!" he moaned as Dog's suck threatened to pull him inside out.

"Aaargh!" he cried as all 60 years of pent-up jism suddenly headed for the exit simultaneously.

"Fooekm mell!" mumbled Slack Dog as she suddenly got a mouthful even her capacious maw found it hard to down in one. Spew keeled over. The shock was too much. Dr Liversalt pronounced it 'death by miss adventure'.

Sucking the jammed balls out of cannons has certainly served me well!" roared Slack Dog. I decided perhaps I would take this lady up on her generous offer after all.

A Map Revealed

It was a rough night. My little willy was tossed endlessly then I was thrown from wave to wave as I rode her vast bulk and tried to steer my fragile craft into harbour. At any moment it could have dashed against the rocky outcrops of her thighs and damaged so badly that it would sink without trace. Her breasts, two of the biggest high C's, swayed alarmingly now her bra, made of the mainsails and rigging of an abandoned schooner, had been discarded. The ropes that had held her panties in place creaked and groaned as she rose and fell on her voyage to ecstasy. I ploughed on, the salty spray from her pussy soaking me to the skin until suddenly with a final roar, we hit the doldrums, and she lay becalmed.

"Fuck me, Jim lad, that was good!" Slack Dog exclaimed. "Now, down to business. It was the captain that had this map tattooed on me lovehole," she continued. "Claimed that there be riches beyond the dreams of man."

I unfolded the map.

"Said he'd hide the map where no man would ever find it. 'No-one with any sense will go near your cock box!' he said. He reckoned without you, eh young Porkins?"

"Er yes," I said desperately committing the isle to memory before it folded itself up again.

"Now, fancy another, lad! I'll gobble your knackers for you first, if you like?"

Meeting Long John

In fact my plan was to tell Squire Toohorny of the map with the intention of organising a search for the treasure. He told me we needed a crew and so I put an advertisement up in the *Dildo*, next to the pork scratchings.

We did not have long to wait. That same night a strange man with one leg and a parrot on his shoulder hobbled into the bar.

"Aha, I hear you be looking for sea dogs like meself to go hunting treasure," he said. "Count me in. My name's Saliva, but you can call me Long John."

"Why?" I asked.

"See that thin stiff thing what's propping me up?"

"Ye-e-es..."

"Well, it ain't no wooden leg! Hang on, hold me crutch a minute."

"I'd rather not..."

"No, this one!"

He handed me his wooden stick whilst he got out his business card.

"Long John Saliva, freelance ship's captain, nothing too big to handle," I read. "Ideal! I'm Jim Porkins."

"Aha, Jim lad! And who be the man in charge?"

"Squire Toohorny here."

"Mr Saliva, I understand, or can I call you Long?" asked the Squire.

"Most do."

"Well, we've found a ship, Long, and we're ready to go. What do you think of the galleon, *Hysterectomy*?"

"Frigate!" Long John snapped.

"Well, if that's your attitude."

"No, he's saying it's not a galleon but a frigate," I explained.

"Fucking prick," mumbled Saliva.

"Oh I see!" said Toohorny. "And we sail on the noon tide tomorrow. We already have some of the crew. I'll be there and Dr Liversalt with Jim as cabin boy. And Slack Dog is ship's nurse!"

"Oh fuck!" moaned Long John, keeling over as his peg suddenly shrank.

Aboard the Hysterectomy

Thirty days out of harbour and already our supplies were running low. Long John was steering the *Hysterectomy*, which it turned out got its name from having all its important bits removed over the years, whilst Nurse Dog was bending down applying hot tar to an old salt's haemorrhoids.

"Hard astern!" shouted Saliva.

"You don't get a much harder stern than this poor bugger's!" commented Dog. Long John looked at the huge buttocks of the ship's nurse.

"Avast behind!" he cried.

"I think that's rather a cheap joke, don't you?" commented Long John's personal assistant, a firm breasted blonde in a skintight sailor's outfit, known as Midshipman Easy.

"Awwwkkk!" squawked the parrot. "Pieces of 38, pieces of 38!"

"How long before we reach land, Cap'n?" she asked. "We have virtually no food, and the ship's biscuits and hard tack are infested with insects. I'm giving the men the tack at the moment 'cos they have the lesser of two weevils."

They were interrupted by a sudden cry from the crow's nest. "Land ahoy!"

Saliva pulled out his telescope.

"Pleasure island!" he exclaimed.

He lowered the instrument, just in time for a passing albatross to crap over him in the way that only a bird with a seven foot wingspan can. Saliva stood soaked in shit.

"Well, don't just sit there, men, clean me up," he bellowed. "All hands on the poop!"

Pleasure Island

Within two days, I'd arranged the party for landing on the secret isle. Long John, Toohorny, Black Dog and me would be first to explore and seek out its treasure. The last thing we expected was to be greeted by an old Englishman.

He staggered to our boat dressed in rags, his hair and beard as long and unkempt as Long John's crutch.

"It's an ancient mariner," I observed.

"He's in the wrong bloody book then," replied Toohorny.

"Who be you, swab?" demanded Saliva angrily of the frail old man.

"My name is Ben, Ben Dover, short for Ben Dover-and-take-it-from-behind-darling," the old man replied breathlessly. "And this be my island. You have no business here. Fuck off!"

"This map says we do," said Long John. "Show him, girl!"

Dog lowered her pants and flashed her muff-ful of maceration.

"Slack Dog!" cried Dover. "It's you. Don't you recognise me? Before I jumped overboard with the rest of the crew, I was Captain Flaunt of the *Celeste*. I gave you that tattoo."

"Impossible!" cried Slack Dog. "Flaunt was a handsome man in his late-20s, not a raddled old twatter like you."

"I'm only 32!" protested Ben Dover. "It's the island, it does things to a man. That's why I came here with just my eight gramophone records, one luxury and the Bible and Shakespeare..."

"Ben, what's going on, darling, my pussy's getting cold..."

The voice came from a dusky beauty wearing nothing but a skirt made out of grass. There had obviously been a bad year for vegetation.

"Yeah, come back!" said another, appearing from the undergrowth.

"Hurry!" chorused three more girls.

"Shiver me timbers!" cried Long John, his peg growing rapidly.

"Shiver mine first!" demanded Squire Toohorny.

"You can't keep these girls to yourself," I exclaimed. "I mean, look at you, you're knackered!"

The girls started quivering excitedly at the thought of new men.

"Okay, then," said Ben Dover, "but only on a time-share basis. You can have a fortnight here every year."

"Aye-aye!" said Long John.

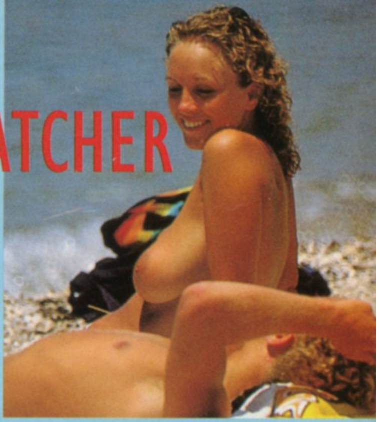
"And Slack Dog..."

"Yes, Captain, I mean Ben..."

"Can you teach these girls blow jobs?"

With that, Long John invited his whole motley crew down to enjoy the riches of Pleasure Island for the fortnight, and soon the whole of the south seas were ringing with the chant, 'Fifteen men on a chest girl's bed, Yo-ho-ho, till your bollocks go numb!'

NUDE BAYWATCHER



More lecherous life-saving from those sex-mad son-of-a-beaches

Horny, the Baywatcher team's token blonde bimbo, had joined Knoby and Minge in their elevated beach hut. Dressed in her red g-string, her bare brown boobs bobbing like buoys on an incoming tide, she lowered the binoculars and let them rest against her warm breasts. The clamour to use them next was deafening. The she spotted something.

"Yo! See that guy going into the sea?" she exclaimed, raising the glasses with a kerplop for a closer look at a man who appeared to be carrying a canoe in his tiny trunks.

"He'll never float with all that packed in his pants!" she cried. "He needs help. I'm outa here!"

With her boobs pitching from side-to-side like fishing smacks in a force ten Horny sprinted to the sea. She reached him just in time.

"Hey, guys, you can't go out like that!" she panted. "It's dangerous to swim on a full lower stomach. A firm swell like this and you can be dragged down by the undertow."

"Waaa?" grunted the muscle-headed man.

"But it's okay, you're in safe hands now!" Horny insisted and reached below the surface, slipping the hunk's supertanker stiffy out of his Speedos. Then she ducked under and started giving it the kiss of life. Back in the tower, Knoby and Minge watched anxiously.

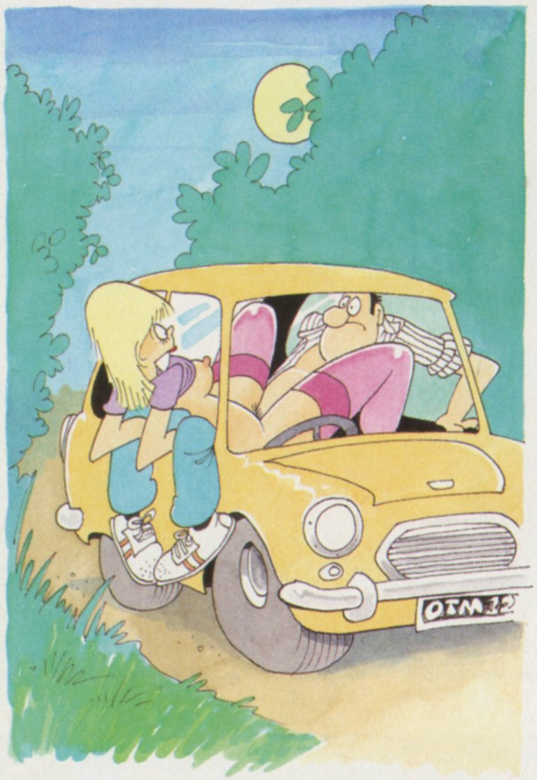
"I think Horny's in trouble," Knoby said suddenly. "She's going down for the third time. Let's go for it."

Within seconds the interfering idiots had reached their colleague, pulled her off the hunk's handle and dragged her back to the beach, eyes shut with a blissful smile on her face.

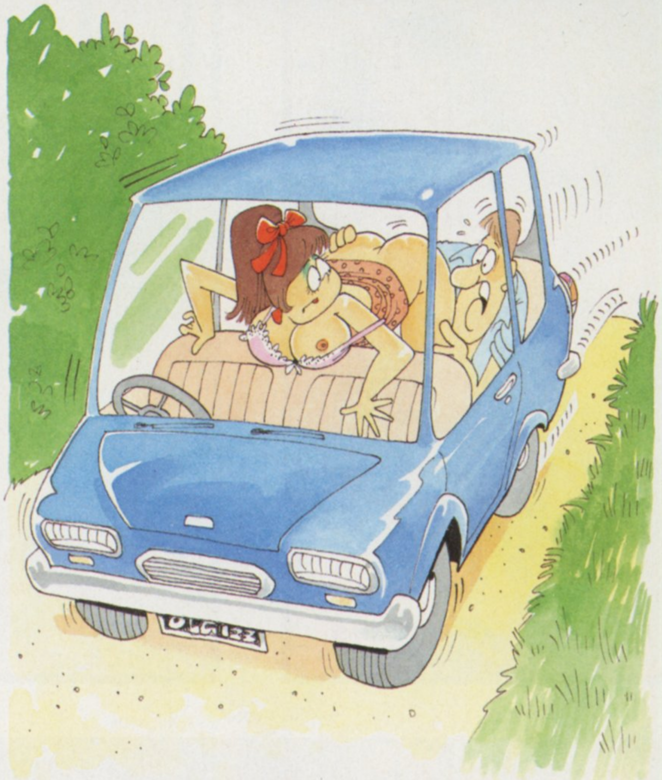
"She's swallowed a hell of a lot of liquid," announced Minge. "You massage her breasts, and I'll try and suck it out from between her thighs."

"Err, excuse me," asked a sweet old lady next to them. "But my grandson has been swept out to sea on his lilo, you have to help."

"Sorry, lady, we're busy," Knoby replied, his hands full of Horny's hooters. "You know the rules about airbeds. Okay, Minge, I'm going for the nipples..."



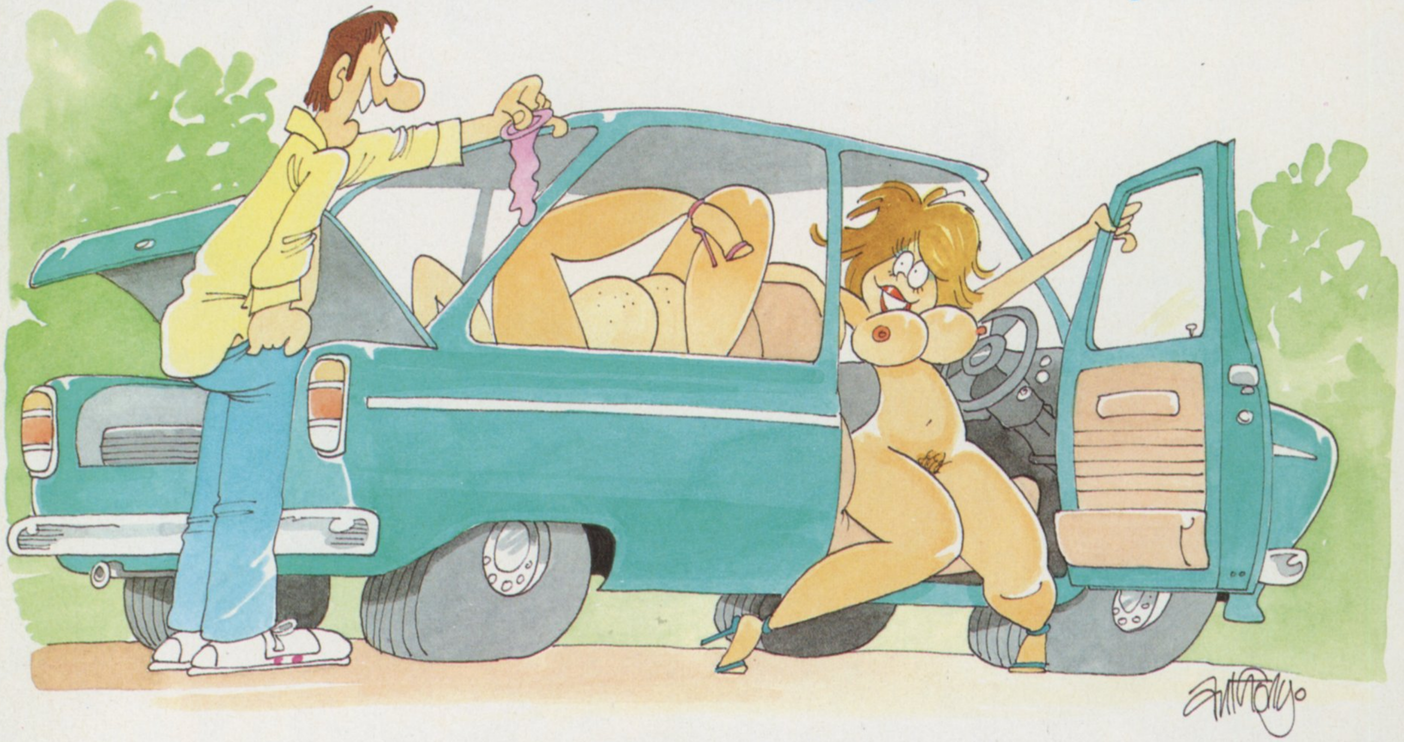
I'll be glad when you can afford a larger car!



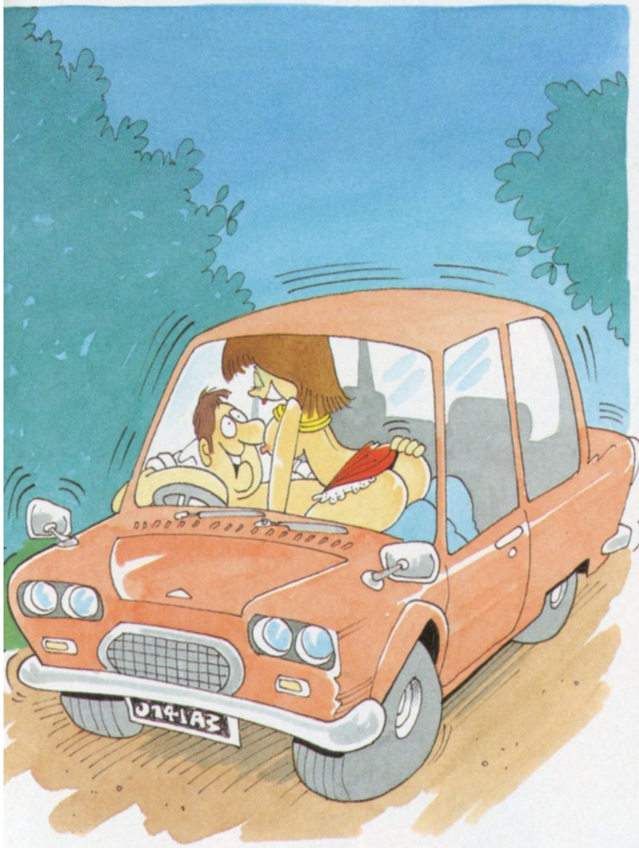
The handbrake! Quick, get the handbrake!

BACK SEAT WRITHING

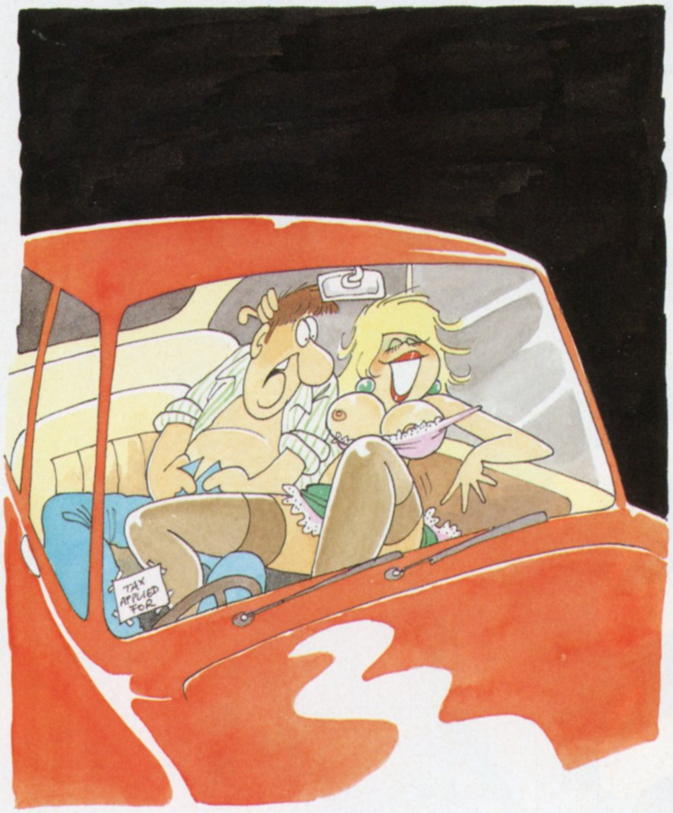
Most people only use their cars to get from A to B, but smart guys go on to C, DD and E. Anthony inspects the bodywork...



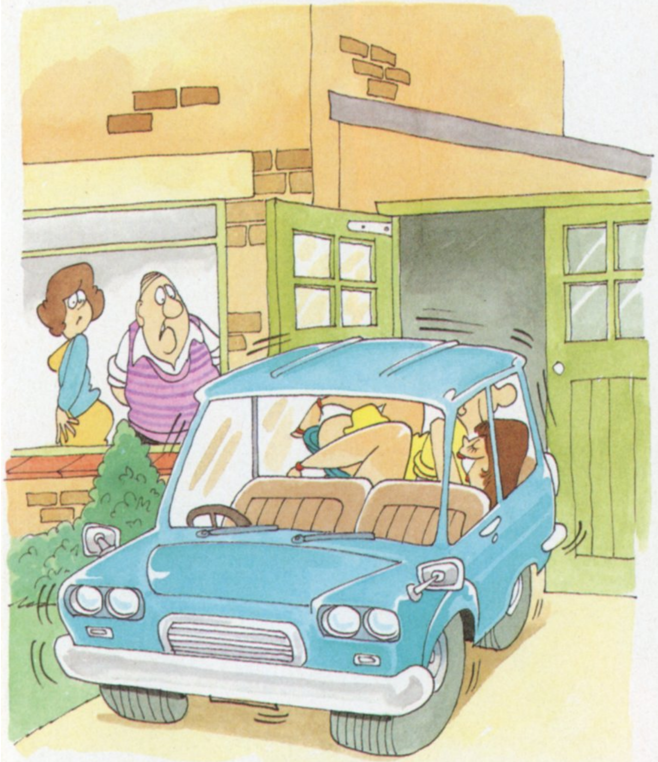
It's OK — I've found a spare in the boot!



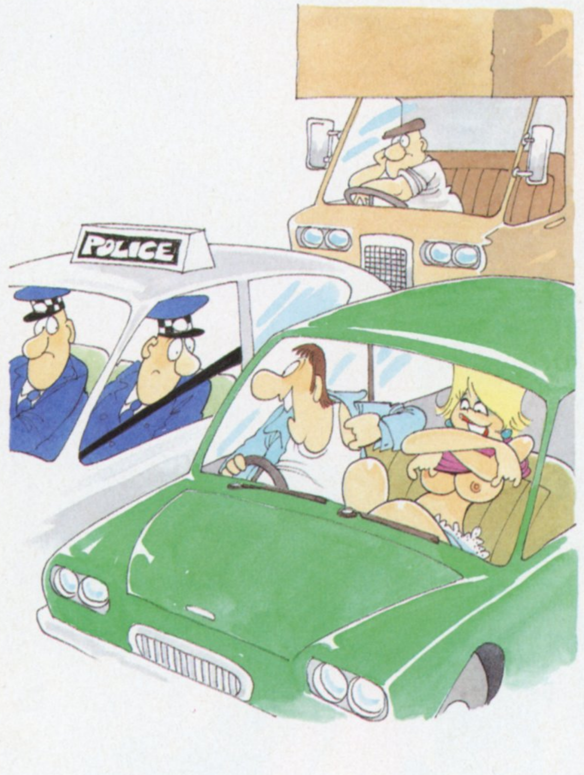
I've certainly been getting through some shock absorbers since I met you, Vicky!



What d'you mean, "Faster, faster"? I haven't even got my trousers off yet!



I don't know why he asked me for the car keys — he hasn't gone anywhere



Excuse me — where's the nearest lay-by?

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

The argument about the length of a man's penis has raged for years. Does it really matter how well-hung he is, or is good fucking just a matter of using the right technique? Quest talks to three women who have decidedly different views on the subject of cock size.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss T
Age... 30
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Uttoxeter
Other details... This computer operator lives with her boyfriend but has been having an affair with her lover for two years. Here she compares their penis sizes and sexual techniques...

Quest: Obviously, having almost reached your sexual peak, you've had a fair amount of sexual experience.

Miss T: Yes, that could be said to be the case! When I was younger, in my early twenties, I used to experiment a lot sexually, with a large number of different men and with my own body too. I don't think there's any kind of sex aid or vibrator that I haven't tried out. I've always felt pretty comfortable with the idea of sex, and I love finding out all the different things that turn me on, all the ways I can bring myself to a climax.

Of course all this has — though I say it myself — moulded me into a woman who is pretty good in bed. That sounds rather big-headed, I know, but I've been told this by many partners so I'm quite happy to take their word for it. So when I was contacted about your survey I was really eager to help out.

Quest: Would you say that the size of a man's cock really matters when it comes to making love?

Miss T: I don't think it matters in the slightest. It's down to personal preference and technique, rather than the actual measurements. In all my years of fucking, I can honestly say that I've never been at all concerned about cock size.

One of my first lovers was a guy I met when I was 19 and working in my first job. I wasn't a virgin by then, but I hadn't had loads of lovers. Anyway, this guy was known as the office weed — I mean, he was really shy and quiet, the sort who wouldn't say boo to a goose, if you know what I mean. But there was something that really attracted me to him. A certain something that I found really horny. I'd always stare at the crotch of his trousers hoping that I'd be able to see if I was exciting him as I bent over his desk or rubbed my stockinged thighs together so that he could hear the whispering noise of the sheer nylon, but he never gave any hint that I was turning him on. The more he ignored me, the more I decided that I had to have him.

One night I wangled it so we were both asked to work late (I think my boss fancied me — I could always get him to do anything I wanted!) and that was when I made my move. I caught Phil off guard and started kissing him hard, really to see what his reaction would be more than anything. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I felt the surge of his cock inside his pants. As we pressed close together my tongue delved deep into his mouth and my hands moulded his buttocks. Then I began to realize the extent his cock was growing. It was massive!

I stepped back a bit in surprise; I certainly hadn't expected anything like that. But there it was, almost ripping the material of his trousers as it strained at the fly. I could hardly control myself with excitement, and my cunt was as juicy as I'd ever felt it — and he hadn't even touched me!

"I'll have to find out just what you've been hiding in there," I told him, and I must say that my hand was trembling slightly as I reached forward to unzip him and free the cock that was straining there. When I'd finally got it into my hand, it was the largest cock I'd ever seen, easily ten inches in length and so thick that I could barely get my hand around the whole circumference. I stood there fondling it for what must have been ages, feeling the soft skin with the veins hardening and lengthening under my fingers. When I rubbed my thumb gently over the swollen tip of it, I felt Phil draw in his breath, and I could actually see his big, hairy balls stiffen up.

That cock had to go in my mouth, of course. There was was no way I was letting him escape!

I had to open my mouth really wide to even get his prick halfway inside — my lips were stretched taut around it as I worked my mouth up and down the length. Phil tasted delicious too, with the faint musk of pre-come hitting the back of my throat as I sucked him off. I couldn't resist pushing my pantie gusset aside to finger my little clitty with one hand as I stroked his heavy balls with my other hand. I'd come two or three times, clenching my thighs around my hand, before Phil whispered that he couldn't hold his come back any longer.

I think he thought I wouldn't want to take his load in my mouth, but I was keen to swallow everything he could give me, so I just clamped my mouth more firmly onto his tool and increased the speed of my sucking as Phil fed me his cock inch by inch. The moment I felt him spurt his load into my mouth I came again, and his load was so large it took me three or four swallows before I could get it all down.

And to my surprise, when he'd come and was leaning back against the desk, panting, Phil's cock was still hard! There was more come for me in those balls of his!

I could hardly believe my luck. Climbing up onto the desk, I positioned myself on all fours, my bum facing towards Phil, rolled my

little skirt up around my waist and pulled my pantie crotch aside. Suddenly the need to be totally filled up by the monster cock was overwhelming.

"Put it in me!" I practically ordered Phil, and held my pussy lips open with two fingers so that he could take aim. He held his cock in both hands to push it into me, and when I felt that huge shaft inching up me I started coming and couldn't stop, my pussy caught up in contraction after contraction. I couldn't resist tweaking my nipples through my blouse to increase my pleasure as Phil's fucking motion got faster and faster, the penetration deeper and deeper. His cock was so big, my God... I could feel every delicious millimetre of it!

"The moment I felt him spurt into my mouth I came again"

As soon as he'd shot his load again — this time inside my eagerly waiting cunny — he pulled his cock out of me and zipped himself up. He couldn't get out of there fast enough! I think I scared him by being so forward, exposing myself to him like that, but once I'd got the feel of that cock I knew I couldn't let him escape till I'd had a taste of it.

Quest: So did that convert you to big cocks, or did it make no difference?

Miss T: To be honest, it really didn't change my sex life one iota. Although I'd never had experience of a cock as large as Phil's before that, I don't really believe that size is the most important thing when it comes to sex. For example, my current boyfriend has what I suppose would be called a smallish cock, though I must say that I've never noticed it being anything other than perfectly adequate!

It's five inches long, but pretty thick, the way Phil's was — I love spanning my hands around it as I'm taking it into my mouth to suck him off and swallow his load. I remember the first time we went to bed together, Dave was really worried that he wouldn't be able to satisfy me, which was ridiculous. He seemed really shy about being naked in front of me, and we didn't fuck for several months after we started going out together.

Eventually he confessed that he was nervous about it, because I seemed as if I was so knowledgable about sex and so he thought that I might think his cock was too small. But as soon as I felt that pointed tongue of his tickling my clitty as I wrapped my legs around his neck I just couldn't help yelling out in the most graphic terms how much he was turning me on, and urging him to lick me out. He moved his tongue as far up my cunny as he could reach, using a finger at the same time to fill me up even more — he was driving me crazy!

I've always been able to come pretty easily, and soon I was shooting off every couple of seconds, losing count of how many times I came, and when he replaced his tongue with his cock — leaving his finger still pumping away inside me the whole time — I barely noticed him missing a stroke.

With his cock pumping away I was completely lost, begging him to give me his hot load, and as he came inside me I loved the feeling of his creamy come dribbling out from between my cunny lips. Since then our sex life has just got better and better, and I must admit that I never notice the size of his cock. It just doesn't matter to me.

Quest: So as you said at the beginning of our interview, size doesn't matter but technique does?

Miss T: Absolutely right. As long as you make sure that your partner is as fully satisfied as you at the end of it, cock size makes no difference at all.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs E
Age... 26
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Conway
Other details... This young brunette housewife has always been shy about the idea of sex, and says that she has always preferred smaller cocks in her partners, as she finds them less intimidating.

Quest: Sex is something that you viewed with some trepidation in your late teens, isn't it?

Mrs E: Yes, it was. Although all my friends seemed to be experimenting left, right and centre with sex, it was something that made me feel nervous. I felt ignorant, like I didn't know anything, or at least, I didn't know enough about the mechanics of sex to even try it out. Consequently, I was a virgin until I was 22, which I suppose is unusual these days.

When I finally did come to losing my virginity, it was with a bloke I hadn't known for very long, although we'd actually gone to the same school years ago. Richard was a really nice bloke but when we came to going to bed together I have to be honest — the size of his cock frightened me!

Although I was a virgin I'd masturbated quite a few guys and had really enjoyed giving blow-jobs to a couple of lads I'd gone out with; I love the salty taste of a cock that's about to spunk, and I enjoy the sensation of swallowing come. But I'd never actually had sex until I met Richard. I suppose I thought that I ought to get rid of the burden of my virginity after all that time and Richard seemed like the ideal guy to finally lose it to.

There we were in bed together at my house while my parents were out; I was down to my little lacy bra and panties, my small boobs with their large nipples erect and aroused. Richard had managed to ease himself out of his boxer shorts and was fingering my little pussy while rubbing his semi erect cock all over my pubes to turn himself on even more.

That was when I really noticed the size of it! I reached down to grasp his tool and masturbate him to full hardness — and my hands could hardly hold him! Even putting one hand above the other on his shaft there was still a good couple of inches poking over the top, before you got to his large, purple helmet which was already moist and itching to thrust up my virgin cunny.

I gasped in surprise, but by then Richard was gently sucking on my boobs, making me moan with pleasure, my cunny juicing up all the time. I wanted to reach my fingers down between my legs and play with myself to make my clitty tremble even more and perhaps even come, but I've always been a bit shy about masturbating myself — like it's something that nice girls don't do. So I just writhed and felt Richard's helmet nudging at the entrance to my cunny.

I must say I got a real shock when he actually put that cock inside me! As I was a virgin I expected it might be a bit painful, but it wasn't. Instead I felt this huge member pushing up inside me, like a battering ram — and I loved it.

What happened next was what put me off big cocks, I think. I just totally lost control of myself, yelling out for Richard to fuck me harder and faster, to move from side to side in me as well as up and down, to rub my clitty as hard as he could while he was fucking me. I started touching my own boobs and scratching and biting Richard's neck and back. I was totally abandoned and dirty in a way that I'd never dreamed I could be, and it really shocked me that I could lose control in that way.

Richard was surprised and didn't take long to unload his come inside me, and my own juices were almost pouring out of me by that time. I was so wet Richard kept slipping out of me, and so a lot of his spunk sprayed onto my stomach and boobs. I just lay back and rubbed it into me, tasting it on my fingers and loving the sensation.

I felt so embarrassed when I thought of that night that I couldn't look Richard in the face again, much less repeat our raunchy fuck!

Quest: So you think that the memories of that evening are what have put you off well-hung men?

Mrs E: Yes, because I felt ill at ease whenever I think of how much I'd lost control. I didn't seems able to cope with it, so I focussed on the idea that what had made me like that was the size of Richard's penis. For several months after that I couldn't go to bed with guys if we got down to it and I found the guy had anything other than a very average sized cock in his pants. I'd just run a mile.

When I met my husband, he was the one who seemed more ill at ease with sex, if anything. When we finally went to bed with each other, he confessed that he'd been dreading the moment because he thought his cock wasn't adequate enough. I thought he was mad.

Personally I think he's got a lovely cock, and I've told him as much. It's very smooth and straight, with a very large bell-end which I love licking and teasing for ages before I take it into my mouth to suck him off. It's around five inches long, but pretty thick with it, and when he fucks me he makes sure I really feel every inch of it.

"He gently rubs his cock end all over my oozing love hole"

Our favourite position is to have sex doggy-style. Pete gently positions me on the bed so that I'm right at the end of it, with my bottom hanging over the end. Pete then prepares my cunny by playing with it and licking it, pressing his tongue onto my clitty hard so that I've come two or three times before we even start fucking. I love that feeling of my cunny being really moist and hot, and Pete always seems to know exactly when I'm ready for the next stage, which we take very slowly so as to make each stroke and moment last as long as possible.

Pete stands behind me at the foot of the bed, so that he's just at the right height for his cock to gently rub its end all over my oozing love hole. I can feel him spreading my juices over the whole area, and then he teases me by putting the head inside me a little way, then taking it out again quickly. A few strokes like that and I'm desperate for him to fuck me really hard, but he knows I enjoy myself much more if I don't let myself say anything — I just try to hold back and grit my teeth as those mini-orgasms keep rushing through me. The anticipation is really tremendous at that point.

When Pete finally does put his cock inside me I always orgasm immediately, clenching him inside me as my pussy comes two or three times. I lean forwards with my head on my arms so that my bottom is really raised as high off the bed as possible, and then Pete starts ramming into me in earnest. With his cock being about five inches long, he's in me up to the hilt very quickly, but I love feeling the slap of his full balls on my buttocks. As he thrusts in and out, the feeling of pressure on my clitty increases and I feel hot in all my erogenous zones.

Pete can keep this up for 20 minutes before he comes, and I love to feel the effort he puts into it. Sometimes he pulls me up so that I'm kneeling up with my back to him, and somehow he still manages to keep his stiff cock inside me, without losing that fucking rhythm. The angle of his cock then feels fabulous. When we do that I always lose count of the number of orgasms he gives me.

Quest: So you felt more relaxed with Pete, because initially you didn't feel intimidated by his cock size?

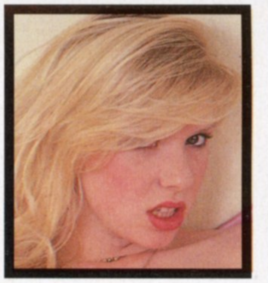
Mrs E: Yes, and that led me to being more adventurous with him in bed, which in turn meant that the sex we had was all the better. In my opinion, the best sex comes from technique, not size, like the woman before me said.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss W
Age... 24
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Hull
Other details... This randy blonde differs from our two other respondents in that to achieve full sexual satisfaction, she *needs* to have sex with men with large penises.



Quest: Have you always had such a high sex drive?
Miss W: No — when I was still a virgin I really didn't think about sex that much. My obsession with it started when I'd had my first sexual experience, which was when I was 18. I suddenly discovered a whole new world of sexual delights which I'd never imagined existed. There was nothing quite like the feeling of a hot, thrusting tool right inside me, and me having my legs wrapped around the waist or neck of some eager young stud who could hardly hold back his come in his eagerness to feel himself inside my hot, moist love tunnel.

I'm lucky in that I've never had to really go looking for sex either — it's always come to me. I'm about five foot six and my figure is pretty voluptuous at 38-24-37, and being blonde — well, all the guys think I'm out for a good time, which of course I am. It certainly is true that blondes have more fun.
Quest: When was it that you discovered your particular desire for large penises?
Miss W: It came quite by accident actually. I've got a large circle of male friends and acquaintances, and among them was this one guy who I'd fancied for years, called Nigel. The rumour had it in town that he was really well hung, but I wasn't interested in that so much as the fact that whenever I saw him, my cunt would juice up and I'd be almost panting for him to have me then and there!

Once I bumped into him in the street and I was in a terrible state — my little knicks were saturated with my juices after about five minutes of conversation, and as soon as he'd gone I had to pop into the department store down the road, head straight for the ladies and lock myself in there to bring myself off! As soon as my finger hit my throbbing love button I was moaning and groaning away in the cubicle, and I had a couple of the most beautiful climaxes. When I'd got my breath back I emerged looking a little dishevelled, and the attendant certainly gave me a few funny looks as I walked out. And my knickers were in my handbag because they were too wet to wear!

It was then that I decided that I had to have Nigel. I've always been easily aroused but no one had ever quite had that effect on me, and I knew that when we fucked it was going to be explosive. It didn't take me long to seduce him; I just made sure I bumped into him at the club I knew he always went to and that was that — he ended up coming home with me. I've always been very good at getting what I want if I really set my mind to it.

Once Nigel was back at my place, I stripped off almost as soon as we were through the door. I could barely control myself with excitement. When Nigel saw my naked body, my large, firm boobs jutting towards him with my nipples all big and stiff, he started getting undressed too, all the time never taking his eyes off me for a moment as I played with my teats, pulling them to make them even harder. I could feel my cunt juicing up madly — and it almost exploded when I saw the size of his prick!

It must have been a full nine inches now that it was fully erect, and the sight of that long, thin cock sent my juices roaring through my cunt. I nearly came there and then, but I clamped my thighs together to suppress the feeling — I wanted to save it so that I could really savour my orgasm when I finally came. Instead I walked right up to Nigel, grasped his cock firmly and started wanking it slowly, rubbing my fingers over the underside of the shaft as I made the motions with my hands up and down. I could feel the blood pumping and could see the veins standing out all along his length. As he fondled my boobs, making me moan with pleasure, I tickled his balls, feeling how stiff and full they were getting. I knew Nigel was going to give me an almighty load and it was obvious that he couldn't hold

himself back much longer.

I'd love to have sucked him off then, but I could see that there wasn't time for that, he was so eager to get inside my cunt. And what a feeling when that huge prick pushed slowly up inside me! I couldn't stop myself from orgasming over and over, my cunt muscles gripping Nigel's cock as he thrust in and out of me, my heels digging right into his back as I lost control of myself totally.

We spent the rest of that night fucking each other senseless, and I must say that a good part of the pleasure was just from Nigel's sheer size. I felt fully filled up to the brim with cock; that was something I'd never really experienced to such an extent before — I especially loved it when I could feel my lips really having to stretch to accommodate him when I was giving him a good sucking off — but after that, I found that I couldn't get as much satisfaction from smaller penises. I don't know why, I can't explain it, but somehow I just couldn't achieve the intense orgasms that I'd had when I'd bedded Nigel.

Quest: Why was that? Do you think it was psychological as well as physical?

Miss W: I think probably a bit of both, though I must say that what I'd enjoyed most was the physical feeling of being totally full up with cock. It meant that the extra length for penetration reached right the way up my pussy, and I just loved the way I could really feel the helmet ramming into me. I love being fucked really hard and with Nigel, for the first time I felt that I'd experienced that fully.

My encounter with Nigel was a couple of years ago, and since then I've had sex with numerous blokes, with cocks of all sizes, though none have been quite as large as Nigel's. And from my experiences I've definitely discovered that big cocks make me come more intensely and more often. My current boyfriend has a cock that could have been designed with me in mind! It's really long, about eight-and-a-half inches, and very, very thick. I love spanning my fingers around its circumference and feeling how I can make it throb in my hand in a moment.

When we're fucking, I love it when Stephen rubs his fingers around my love hole first, to test out how juicy I am before he prepares to push that great big cock inside me. He always positions my legs so that my ankles are almost around my ears, as far apart as I can comfortably get them. This gives me a really good view of him coming towards me, cock in hand so that he can ease himself inside my pussy.

"He rubs his fingers around my love hole to test how juicy I am"

That first moment when I feel the head of his cock inside me is fantastic. I swear I can feel every millimetre of that width! He slowly inches up inside me as far as he can get, then draws back so he pulls his whole shaft out of me bar the helmet, which I then writhe and wriggle on, holding it inside me as hard as I can. Then he'll thrust back into me, gradually building the pace and moving side to side. He loves it if I can take one of my nipples into my mouth at the same time as he's fucking me, and we always look right into each other's eyes, which just heightens the eroticism of the whole moment.

The pace hots up until Stephen can't hold back any longer, and when he's about to come he loves to whip that big cock out of my tight pussy and spray his cream all over my lovely boobs, before letting me lick it off.

Sexually he satisfies me in every way, and I know that it's because I love the size and feel of his cock so much. It sounds a bit bad to say, I suppose, but size really is important to me when it comes to sex!

Quest: Thank you.